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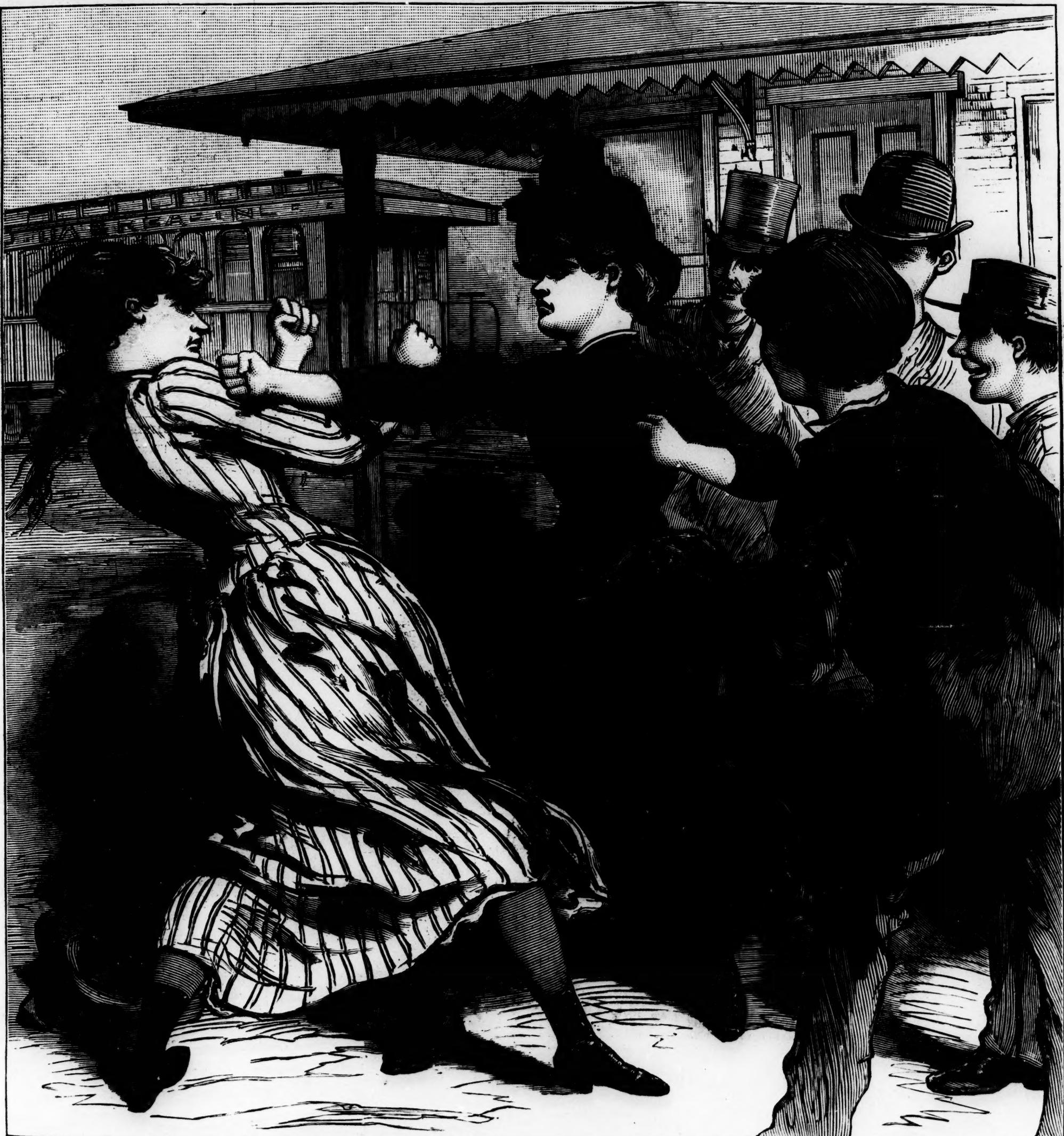
WATCH OUR "WEEK'S DOINGS!"

The National
POLICE GAZETTE
The LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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PUGILISTIC FEMALES.

TWO LEBANON, PA., GIRLS LOVE THE SAME YOUNG MAN AND BIFF EACH OTHER ON THE STREET.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1889.

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Purchase of
RICHARD K. FOX,
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THE girls of our great and glorious country carried things with a high hand last week. All over the country they carried on in a manner which conclusively proved that either the cyclone affected them or that their livers were out of order. For further particulars see the screed written by "Tommy Rats," and then lift up your eyes and hands in holy horror and ejaculate:

"What are we coming to?"

THE baseball players of the divide have decided, so it is said, to take their affairs into their own hands and run their machines themselves. They claim that they have been mismanaged by their managers, and that in the future they propose to harvest the immense profits which are now said to glide into the pockets of the capitalists. If this movement will make cleaner baseball, which the public is entitled to, we will, one and all, run up the "Brotherhood" flag and yell ejaculations of encouragement until our eyes bulge like hand-painted butter-crackers.

THE Eva Hamilton case has terminated as was predicted by the POLICE GAZETTE, and the amorous Eva has been consigned to solitude for two years to think over her misspent life. If the POLICE GAZETTE ever dealt in slang we might be tempted to remark that Eva is a lolla; whatever a lolla is. And yet there was every temptation thrown in the evanescent Eva's way. Robert Ray Hamilton was an easy victim and had he watched the danger signals that the POLICE GAZETTE has been flinging to the breeze for a quarter of a century in the way of caution, the facts of this now historic case need never have been recounted. Next!

In this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we expected to be able to furnish our readers with full particulars, with illustrations, of theistic encounter between Jack Ashton of Providence, well known in prize ring circles both in England and this country, and George Godfrey, the colored heavy-weight champion of America. If the battle had been fought we should have kept our promise, but Ashton, while carefully training under the able mentorship of Billy Madden, was attacked with a congestive chill brought on by malaria, and his backer wisely concluded to allow him to postpone the fight to some future date. The POLICE GAZETTE has gone to great expense in order to give its readers a full and accurate account, with illustrations, but Ashton having been placed *hors du combat*, all our efforts were knocked into smithereens, as we say in Paris.

IT is so much of an assured fact that we are going to have the World's Fair just where it belongs, in the town of the Big Bridge, otherwise known as Police-Gazetteville, alias New York, that odds are being laid in our favor. New York has several jealous neighbors scattered in out-of-the-way places throughout the Union, but before congress convenes it is more than probable that they will have seen the error of their ways and will be sending in their returns in our favor, and will shiny on their own side. Police-Gazetteville is, beyond the peradventure of a doubt the place for the Big Fair, and we can accommodate the millions that will come to us without bulging. There is no harbor in the world more suitable for a marine display and no bailiwick more beautiful. We have Coney Island, Rockaway, the Statue of Liberty, the Grand Old Hudson, the Bridge, a warm-hearted and whole-souled population, and far above all the POLICE GAZETTE. Let our erring sisterhood keep off the grass.

MASKS AND FACES

"Hands Across the Sea"---
Raillery and Repartee.

"AN EERIE HE AND SHE."

The Gormans at Pastor's...Banker and Machinist...Ducats and Horseshoes.

THE COMING SEASON.

Don't take your opera glass. Take your ear muffs with you when you go to hear Gustavus Leveck, who is the hero of "Hands Across the Sea," the melodrama by Pettitt now on at the Standard.

Leveck made so much noise and ranted so lustily that



there was a great rush for ear muffs after the first act. He almost ruined the play.

Percy Haswell is the heroine, and a very charming heroine she made. She was simple, unaffected and artistic, and she deserves a better engagement than in this bustling, commonplace melodrama.

The first act of "H. A. T. S." transpires in Devon, the second in Paris, the third in Australia.

It's the old story.

A fellow is accused of a murder that he didn't commit, suffers, and is righted only after an awful lot of bother, improbability, speeches and tears.

There is a good prison scene, and a good scene aboard ship.

W. J. Ferguson was excellent as a gambling house tout.

John Buckstone was easy and sympathetic as a good young man in love with a good young woman.

Joe Adelman seemed overweighted by his part of the villain.

Edna Carey, as the wife of the innocent accused, read her lines badly and didn't look the part.

J. R. Furlong, as his name half implied, went far toward being a success as a foreign count.

But the most delightful apparition in the play is Percy Haswell, and you'll hear of her again and before long.

I don't understand why managers go abroad for pieces like "Hands Across the Sea."

We ought to be able to manufacture as good and better right here.

There is a tendency in modern melodramatic playwrights to make their plays too long. If Dunn were among us to-day he could with truth repeat his famous criticism.

Billy Dunn, says Planché, was a great character.

During the many years he was treasurer of Drury Lane I don't suppose he once witnessed a performance, but regularly after the curtain had fallen on a new piece, it mattered not what description, he would let himself through with his pass key from the front of the house, as if he had sat it out, and on being asked his

opinion, invariably answered, after a long pause and a proportionate pinch of snuff, "Wants cutting."

Mrs. Potter, they tell us, is not going to act this sea-

son, but will live abroad with Kyrie Bellevue.

Mrs. Langtry will show how her bust has decreased in voluptuous volume and how her art has developed to our friends across the sea.

Helen Dauvray has retired from the stage and will watch the baseball field instead.

Mrs. Blaine is sick, and Dan Frohman has dropped her.

Mrs. Carter is uncertain and Gilmore doesn't seem over enthusiastic about her.

Mrs. Robert Ray Hamilton hasn't found a theatrical backer as yet.

Thus the outlook for fashionably notorious women on our boards is rather gloomy, and chances of legitimate actresses are correspondingly bright.

Speaking of amateurs reminds me of Compton, who had a wholesome dread of amateur actors, and on one occasion, when an egotistical young man buttonholed him to descant on acting, he administered an unmistakable reproof to the presumptuous one. "I am anxious to become a professional now," said the young man, "for I always get splendid notices, and all my friends think I should make a great hit." "What line?" inquired Compton. "Well," smiled the youth, "I play all the funny parts, but I don't succeed in making my audience laugh heartily. I want to make them scream, as you do—to make the house ring with laughter, in fact." "Ah," dryly responded Compton, "change your line of character a bit; try 'Hamlet,' and let me know how you succeed."

Bob Fraser is loud in his praises of "The Spider and the Fly," and Jake Rosenthal seconds the motion.

Leander Richardson, whose novel, "Lord Dunmer"

is the sensation of the day, "Adventures Eva; or, the Wiles of a Wicked Woman," the life history of Mrs. Robert Ray Hamilton, now ready in book form, handsomely illustrated. Price, 15 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

"sey," is booming, has just come home from a long fishing and hunting expedition in Canada.

George Laurie and his wife, Marietta Nash, are waiting in town for something to turn up.

Down at Pastor's those clever fellows, the Gormans, are disporting themselves in their new sketch.

The dances, songs and ceteras are all novel. That is, they seem new to a youngster like me. Many a time things get to be so old in theatrical matters that they are positively new to the younger playgoers.

Take, for instance, "Johnny Jones and his Sister Sue," as sung and danced by Wilson and Jansen at the Broadway.

That's so old that it's positively new, and it catches on immensely.

Meantime, Shepard and Wood and Thatcher and Primrose are having a row. Shepard and Wood want to go with the Howard Atheneum. Thatcher and Primrose want them themselves.

It's in the courts.

Lawyers ought to bless actors and actresses.

Last week I heard of a machinist at one of the favorite uptown theatres playing a sad trick on a dude who happened to be in love with the machinist's chorus girl. He had the dude come on the stage one night, and walk across a trap. The dude was so happy, he walked with a light and airy step, his cane well up. Suddenly that trap opened and swallowed him, amid the tittering of the fairies. That reminds me of a

story that was told me of a banker in Paris. This banker, though well on in the sixties, fancied himself a perfect Adonis, and was always behind the scenes, hanging about, and making love to Mademoiselle Saulnier, to whom the machinist of the Opera House was paying his addresses. Determined to be revenged, and profiting by the moment when his rival, in uttering soft nonsense, had inadvertently placed his foot upon a cloud, the machinist gave a whistle, which was the signal for raising the cloud, and when the curtain was drawn up the audience were not a little edified at seeing the banker, with powdered head, and gorgeously attired in evening costume, embroidered coat and waistcoat, ascending to the clouds by the side of Minerva," represented by the object of his devotion.

This is what may be justly called a lofty revenge.

Alan Dale, author of "Marriage Below Zero," the brilliant dramatic editor of the Evening World, has written an original novel, "An Eerie He and She," and launched it among friends and enemies. It is a terse, bright and entertaining story, and already it has a great run among our giddy chorus girls. Most of them look into their fellow's dictionaries to see what the devil "eerie" means and then

buy the book to see whether it's as naughty as the author's first.

The season will soon be in full blast.

Barrett isn't going to act much, but Booth is to have the support of Modjeska. The Kendals are coming, and Dan Frohman is to manage them. Augustin Daly will broaden the scope of his stage and give us a dash of whiskey melodrama with the malaga of genteel comedy. Palmer will probably dose us with a mixture of London and Copenhagen and introduce to us the realism of Ibsen. Salvini is coming and will persuade us more than ever that Italy is famous for other things besides hand-organs and spaghetti. Mansfield will try to make us believe that Beatrice Cameron is as good as Edmund Kean. Wilson Barrett is being boomed by Sammis and Murray, and Terriss, a handsome fellow and a good actor, will appear with Miss Millward. Lotta and Minnie Palmer won't act this season, but Maggie Mitchell will try it again. Annie Pixley will sing that cheery washtub song again, and Jennie Yeaman will do the coon act, and about two hundred more singing soubrettes will make us long for a quiet spot in some vast wilderness. Florence St. John will visit us, and Marcus Mayer is already celebrating her domestic virtues.

So get your floral horseshoes ready and be ready to welcome them. The foreigners will probably reward your hospitality and patronage by railing at you when they leave, and many of the domestics will probably bore you to death, but never mind. Out with your floral horseshoes and up with your solid cash.

They gave me a bright bit of repartee by Alfred Hudson, now ably supporting Sol Smith Russell.

When Charles Barron was leading man at the Boston Museum he was a little king among the members of the company. The only actor in the lot who dared to chat with him was Alfred Hudson, a very useful, but by no means a "utility" member, who played second parts, old men's roles and the like. Barron was forever denouncing the fate which made him an actor instead of a tradesman, or a mechanic, or a lawyer, and his remarks were usually received in silence. One evening Barron had a benefit, and he pretended to be very much out of harmony with the affair, although there was a big audience in the house.

"There, just listen to that," he exclaimed in the green room, as a round of applause followed his exit from the stage. "What a farce this profession is, to be sure. Why wasn't I brought up a green grocer or something of that sort? I couldn't be any worse off than I am in being compelled to play here to-night."

"Oh, yes, you might," retorted Hudson. "You might

be sitting in front witnessing the performance of the leading man."

I overheard this between Dumley and Dudelet at Palmer's the other night.

They were discussing "Clover" adversely.

"And they call this light opera. Why, I wonder?"

"From the costumes, I suppose."

Broke meets Broke after the summer season.

"Any luck this summer? How was business?"

"Luck! Damn the luck! Why, we played one night at a water tank down East to three old women and four paraffin lamps. And I'll be blowed if during my great scene in the first act of *Richelieu*, two of the women and two of those damned paraffin lamps didn't go out!"

ROSEN.

PUGILISTIC FEMALES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Two young girls named Maggie Behny and Ella Book, employed in the Industrial Works on North Eighth street, Lebanon, Pa., have for a long time had a difference of opinion about a young man's love, and therefore declared war against each other. One Monday noon recently they ran against each other at the Philadelphia and Reading depot, and as each had sworn to have revenge, they set about it in a true Sullivan manner. They both toed the mark and shot out their right and left dukes in such a way that the crowd that had gathered yelled with delight as they encouraged the female pugilists. When the biffers had fought their way to the Cornwell and Lebanon shirt factory Officer McCord sailed in sight and the crowd dispersed, while the girls disappeared through the portcullis of the factory.

THEY WERE ALL BAPTIZED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

While the Rev. J. C. Queen, of the United Brethren Church of Akron, Ohio, was standing in the waters of the Ohio Canal praying before he baptised four persons, bridge, on which there was fully 1,000 people, separated in the middle and let into the water men, women and children, most of them going down head first. The men on the bank, who were all dressed in their Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, sprang into the water and helped the rest rescue the women and children. All are supposed to be saved, though many were scratched and bruised by the broken timber from the bridge.

PIERCED BY A BAR OF IRON.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

An employee of the Findlay (O.) Iron and Steel Company, named James Derrell, was killed recently in a most horrible manner. He was near the rolls and a sliver of hot iron struck him on the leg and ran upward until it came out his back, passing through him before he could be saved. Over three feet of iron entered the man and so many arteries had been severed that he died in three hours. The unfortunate man was 21 years old and hailed from Toledo. This was his first and last day's work at that mill.

THE BALTIMORE SLASHER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Every sporting man who follows pugilism has heard of Billy Young, the well-known Maryland pugilist. Young belongs in Baltimore, Md., and has engaged in several fistic encounters. One of his principal battles was with Charley White, which lasted 83 rounds. He also fought Johnny Monahan, 17 rounds, near Sutland, Md., last October, in which he lost by a foul, after having previously had it at his own way.

KILLED BY A COW.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The wife of a prominent farmer named L. D. Bouslog, who lives six miles east of Middletown, Ind., was instantly killed one evening recently in a distressing and peculiar manner. She went to the barn lot with her two small children to milk the cows, and while milking one of them it kicked her under the chin, knocking her head backward and breaking her neck, killing her instantly.

A GREAT CORNETIST.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Frank Thompson, of Lowville, N. Y., is the well-known cornetist who played for Buffalo Bill at his shows for two years. Mr. Thompson is a very fine performer on the cornet, and has been connected with some of the leading bands of the day, among which was F. K. Leonard's Silver Band. In 1882 Mr. Thompson was presented with a handsome silver cornet by Buffalo Bill.

HARRISON AND MORTON.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

We present to our readers this week a picture of two famous fighting dogs named Harrison and Morton. The dogs weigh about 28 pounds each and are the best of their class in the country. Mr. Frank R. Kniffin, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the owner of the dogs, and he prizes them very highly.

THE WEEK'S DOINGS

Hodge Podge tending to Show
that Everybody's Insane
on a Certain Point.

THAT POINT IS WOMAN.

Amorous Eva Hamilton
and Dupe Ray Ham-
ilton.

LOVE IN DECOLLETE.

Buffalo Shows Up a Giddy Kitty
and the Other Cities
Contribute.

ISN'T IT TERRIBLE?

SYRACUSE'S SENSATION.

Just about this time of year, when ice cream is going out of fashion, most young men who have laid by a few pennies to chase a rainy day into the hole, turn their attention to thoughts of love, and snuggle up to the girl they desire to keep their clothes well balanced with buttons, and spring the trap on them.

That's what was the matter with Daniel Beales, of Syracuse, N. Y., miller, and the girl he cottoned to was



"GOOD BYE, MY LOVER, GOOD BYE!"

interesting and piquant Carrie Williams, of near-by Phoenix. Carrie was as sweet and luscious as a Little Neck clam, and it was generally supposed by the neighbors, who generally know almost everything, that it wouldn't be such a thundering long time before Daniel and Carrie would use the same tooth-brush and snore eyeclet holes in the same pillow.

Finally the day for the nuptials was announced. They were to have been married on Sept. 18, and all the guests had been invited and the clergyman engaged. Daniel waited and wriggled, and wriggled and waited, in expectation of the bang-up time he was going to have, but—

"The Carrie that he longed for never came."

Carrie had, in the meantime, been corresponding with a hayseed widower named Harry Haynes, who had a whole stockingful of money, and while Daniel was wriggling and waiting, and waiting and wriggling, she and Harry were over in Baldwinville getting spliced.

Derided Daniel!
Cruel Carrie!

NEW YORK CHIPS IN.

Two more men have gone half crazy over a pert and blithesome girl whose name must be concealed for obvious reasons. The Polo Grounds this city was the scene of the riot, and about twenty sports witnessed what proved to be one of the bloodiest prize fights on record. The principals were Patrick Fox, twenty-three years old, a Harlem blacksmith, and Geo. Noonan, two years younger, an east side stone cutter. The fight was to settle which should have the exclusive right to pay court to a young woman of whom both were enamored. There had been bad blood between the men for some time and they met accidentally in a Ninth avenue saloon about 4 A. M., one morning last week. A lively discussion as to who was first in the girl's affections followed, and the interference of friends only prevented aistic settlement then and there. Both men were anxious to fight and some one suggested the Polo Grounds as an available battle ground. The party proceeded to One Hundred and Eleventh street and Fifth avenue and forced open the gate. The platform just below the grand stand was selected for the ring and the men were stripped to the waist in short order.

No one in the crowd, including the fighters, had the slightest knowledge of ring fighting, but for form's sake George McDonald was selected as referee. The names of the seconds were not made known, and, as there didn't happen to be a watch in the crowd, the duties of a timekeeper, who had been named, were dispensed with. It was nearly 6 o'clock when the fight began, and the preliminary hand-shake was either overlooked or purposely disregarded. The men weighed, respectively, 140 and 130 pounds, and began

pummeling each other unmercifully from the start. After ten rounds, which occupied nearly 40 minutes, both fighters were terribly punished and their friends insisted that they should stop. Fox's right cheek was pounded almost into pulp, and Noonan's upper lip was split in two. No two prize fighters ever presented a more sickening spectacle than did these untutored slingers. The men were so exhausted from the loss of blood that they lay down in coats and other clothing furnished by the spectators. Handkerchiefs were used to cover the faces of the contestants, and accompanied by their friends each started in an opposite direction for a physician.

THE HAMILTON FIASCO.

I see that poor, modest, innocent Eva Brill-Parkinson-Steele-Mann-Hamilton has been convicted and sentenced to two years in State prison just for cutting



HE WORE A WART AND A HOWL.

a bunghole in Nurse Mary Ann Donnelly, in the Atlantic City cottage a few weeks ago.

Poor thing!

From my pew it looks as if Robert Ray Hamilton must have had an exceedingly lively time of it with the two women to contend with.

They were a fine pair to draw to. Eva had a temper like a buzz saw working overtime, and it was a frigid day when Mary Ann wasn't so full that her eyelashes floated.

From the evidence adduced at the trial, it appears that just before the stabbing seance the festive Robert Ray was dancing around the room with nothing on him but a wart and a frenzied howl. Eva having torn all his clothes off. Eva was almost as nude as an immodest worm, and, later on, when the jig watered nurse attempted to get into the room, Ray is described as sitting on the bed swathed in an Atlantic City decollete liver pad, short at both ends, wondering what was going to turn up next.

Still later, when the nurse finally gained admittance and the curtain was rung up on the tragedy, Eva attempted to slay Mary Ann with a well-seasoned whisky bottle and Mary Ann retaliated by indulging in a war dance on Eva's stomach. Then came the dagger scene, and after Eva had almost succeeded in undressing Ray a second time by patchworking his clothes with the aforesaid stiletto, she sheathed it in Mary Ann's private works, and the curtain was rung down amid howls for the police.

The trial was kaleidoscopic in all its various changes.

There was the weeping, innocent girlie from Sciota Vale up before the Court on a charge of felonious assault. Timorous and with palpitating nostrils, like unto a frightened doe, she had no friend. There was the duped man who had spent his thousands upon her and didn't know that he was being weeded. There was the poor nurse girl with a new skylight in her anatomy, and who was constantly guarding against rattlesnake bites



THEY HAD A BLANK OF A TIME.

by taking time by the forelock and the bottle by the foretop.

Pah!

It makes me tired to tell the story.

But, taking one consideration with another, Robert Ray Hamilton had no cause to complain of ennui.

FORT WAYNE'S SENSATION.

From Fort Wayne, Ind., comes another story of man's inhumanity to the party of the second part.

Perhaps I can do no better than to tell it as the wires gave it to me:

Robert Mackie's disappearance is no longer a mystery, and he is disgraced in a community in which he occupied an enviable position. For two years Mackie had been superintendent of the Jenny Electric Light Company of this city. He was an inventor of electrical devices, and was in receipt of a salary of \$12,000 a year. Mackie was betrothed to a Miss Steele of Cooperstown, N. Y., and was to have married her on

Elegant Cabinet Photographs of all the leading Pugilists, Athletes, Actresses, Actors and Sporting men, only 10 cents each.
RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

Tuesday, Sept. 10. She is a lady of remarkable beauty and has an ample fortune.

"A week ago last Saturday Mackie filled a trunk with apparel for his approaching wedding, took a generous supply of money, and left with a through ticket for Cooperstown. He never arrived there, and his strange disappearance attracted general attention. Slowly the truth came out.

"Then it was whispered that Mrs. Frank Falke of this city was also absent from home, and that she had left the day Mackie had. One witness after another appeared, and it was bruited about that for more than a year Mackie had sustained questionable relations with the woman, that he had lavished money upon her, and that she, the honored wife of a well-known business man, had abandoned home, husband, and honor to follow this lover.

"It was shown that Mrs. Falke had sent a telegram which intercepted Mackie at Albany, and that she left home some hours after him on a pretended visit to Ohio; that she had joined him in the East, and that the two had gone to Canada together.

"On Friday two telegrams reached Fort Wayne; one from Cooperstown, stating that Mackie's trunk had arrived there; the other from Montreal, saying that the owner was in that city. A police officer started at once to the Canadian city, but failed to find the parties, as they had doubtless already sailed for Europe. Mackie has good family connections in Maryland, and has always been popular here. The companion of his flight has been known here from girlhood, and has lived a life, this liaison aside, free from any breath of scandal. The disgrace brought upon him by his wife's flight has completely prostrated Mr. Falke."

I know not how the tenth may be, I tell it as 'twas told to me.

Meandering Mackie!
Fluctuant Falke!

DUBUQUE'S SCANDAL.

Right on top of a poor girl eloping with a wealthy lover comes the story of a wealthy young man absquatulating with a maiden who had nothing but her buxom form and enticing face to recommend her.

Dubuque, Iowa, is the scene of this last escapade. William M. Bradley, Jr., a son of one of the leading real estate men in town, and a member of the firm of Glasser & Bradley, is the hero, and Miss Lydia Withers is the shero.

Some time ago the firm of Glasser & Bradley opened a cigar stand in the Lorimer House, Dubuque, and Miss Withers was placed in charge. Young Bradley became enamored with her and longed to Yum Yum with her. The girl was willing and so was her mother, but both knew that Bradley's parents, who are exceedingly aristocratic, would never give their consent, so



LOVE AND CIGARS.

the elopement was planned and the wedding took place on September 17 in West Union, hard by.

Society considers itself outraged by the event, but Mr. and Mrs. Bradley are so happy that they don't care how often society outrages itself.

BUFFALO'S BOGUS BABY.

As sure as our way-back grandpa and grandma, Adam and Eve, were the authors of "Over the Garden Wall" the contretemps of Eva Hamilton in boozing the bogus baby business is going to become contagious.

Buffalo sends in the first subscription.

Pretty, plump, pert and persuasive Kitty Fox, of that rendezvous of our ex-President Grover Cleveland, tried to do the same act during the week.

Kitty loved a French Count named Michael Mulroy, who, traveling incog., worked as a stone driller in town. She also had on her string an Erie county granger named Carpenter, but she loved the Count the most, although the granger was wealthy and had proposed marriage.

Kitty faked up a baby and endeavored to unload it on Count Mulroy, and just as she was about succeeding the baby got tired and had to be buried in a deep hole in the ground. Before Kitty had a chance to obtain another kid the scheme was discovered, and Kitty is out a warming pan for the anticipated cold winter.

WILKESBARRE ON DECK.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., comes to the front with another evidence of man's trickiness and woman's susceptibility, and one more young girl has, luckily, been saved from the labyrinth of eternal shame. For some time past two fakirs, Peter McCarthy and Owen Roberts, claiming Albany as their home, have been doing the coal regions. They sold cheap jewelry. While in Pittston they stopped at the Eagle Hotel. Then they became acquainted with a pretty waiter girl named Mamie Davis. The waiters showered their cheap jewelry on the girl, and got into her good graces. She consented to run away with them.

The landlord's wife didn't like the attentions they were paying the girl, and she put a watch on her. On Friday night, however, the girl escaped from the hotel by letting herself out of a third-story window, using sheets and blankets for a rope. When she had nearly reached terra firma she dropped into the arms of one of the peddlers, who were waiting with a carriage.

The girl was placed in the vehicle, and the party drove off rapidly. The dog, Rover, gave the alarm. The hostler was aroused, and soon the whole house, hitching up a horse, the hostler and others carried out Landlady Ferrall's instructions, and pursued the runaways. He overtook them at Parsons, three miles away.

The fakirs became alarmed lest they might suffer violence at the hands of the pursuing party, and they hastily left the carriage. The last seen of them they

were making their way across the fields. The girl was brought back to the hotel.

BIRMINGHAM'S QUOTA.

From Birmingham, Ala., comes some news that proves the triteness of the adage, "Old fools are the worst fools."

Barnhill, who was the most prominent and oldest res-



DIED ON HIS WEDDING NIGHT.

ident of Clay county, Ala., aged 70, but apparently in vigorous health, went to Ashland, the county seat, and procured a license Thursday to marry Mrs. Clayton, a buxom widow of sixty-nine. The ceremony was to take place next day at 7 A. M. Old man Barnhill arose and dressed for the wedding, but while alighting from his buggy at the church door was taken suddenly sick and in less than twenty minutes was a corpse. The aged bride elect fainted in the church and had to be taken home in a carriage.

And yet people pretend—only pretend, mind you—to wonder that young folks get nervous when they are left alone together.

PORT JERVIS'S ANTE.

As usual, there was a woman in the case. Ella Martin is the woman and the case was that of Martin Quick, who was quick enough to skip with the funds of the Monticello and Port Jervis (N. Y.) Railroad, after having carefully arranged a train of circumstances tending to convince the public that he had been accidentally drowned in Pleasant Lake. Quick was the station agent at Monticello of the Port Jervis and Monticello Railroad, and also of the National Express Company. His parents are very respectable persons living here, and he has a family consisting of a wife and two children.

On examination of Quick's accounts after his disappearance he was found to be a defaulter in cash collected for the two companies to the amount of \$700 or more. It was learned, also, that he had been notably attentive to Ella Martin, a servant in the employ of Harvey Holmes of Monticello. The girl was watched. A few days ago she got a letter postmarked Ottawa, Canada. After some hasty preparations she stealthily fled from home, but she was overtaken by her friends. She confessed that the letter referred to came from Quick, and that it contained \$30 with which to pay her fare to join him in Canada. The girl had borne a good reputation, until scandal was provoked by her intimacy with Quick. Miss Martin has since returned home to her friends.

BROOKLYN TO THE FRONT.

It is really and truly wonderful to what lengths a man will go for the woman he thinks he loves, or vice versa, for that matter. Brooklyn, N. Y., girls are notably lascivious and pickable, and yet Harry Loeffler meandered into the gloaming with his divorced aunt last week.

Young Loeffler was a well known Brooklyn dude who was just sprouting pin feathers on his top lip, and was in business with his father, who is a wealthy builder and real estate man at No. 700 Myrtle avenue. Harry had been sent West to blow up with the country because of his predisposition for his aunty, and finally ainty left, too. At last accounts the loving pair were



HE SCOOPED THE AUNTY.

hurrying toward the Pacific Ocean and Old Man Loeffler, loaded for bear, was shortening the distance between himself and the maimed couple.

Pretty good record for a week, isn't it?

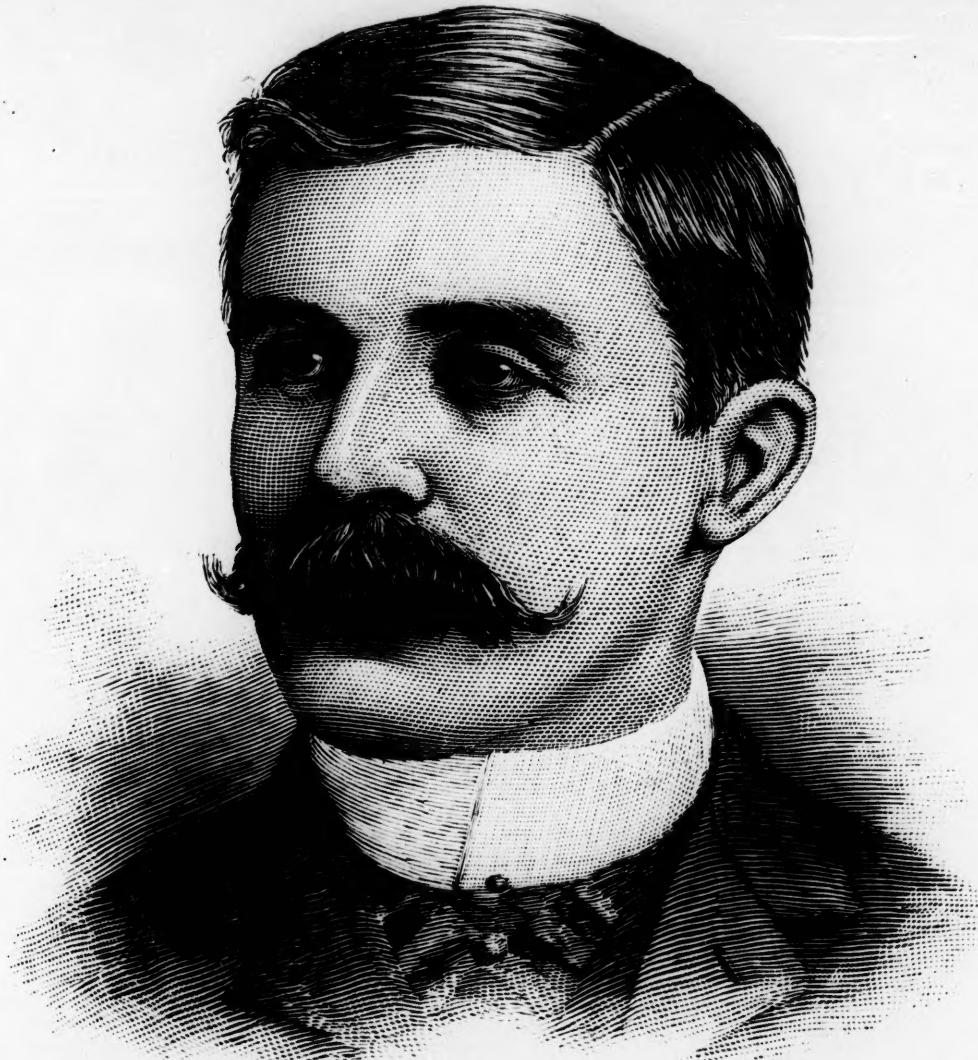
THE MILLENNIUM.

Isn't it a shame that the girls can't leave the fellows alone, and that the fellows can't keep their hands off the girls? I presume that that time won't come until the millennium, when the lion and the lamb will lie down together. When that time does come kindly bill me for the part of the lion, as I am awfully fond of lamb—with green peas trimmings.

TOMMY RATS.

We desire to call your attention to our great offer on page 14 of Sullivan's and Kirkin's colors. Every saloon keeper and barber in the country can secure these colors by a little exertion.

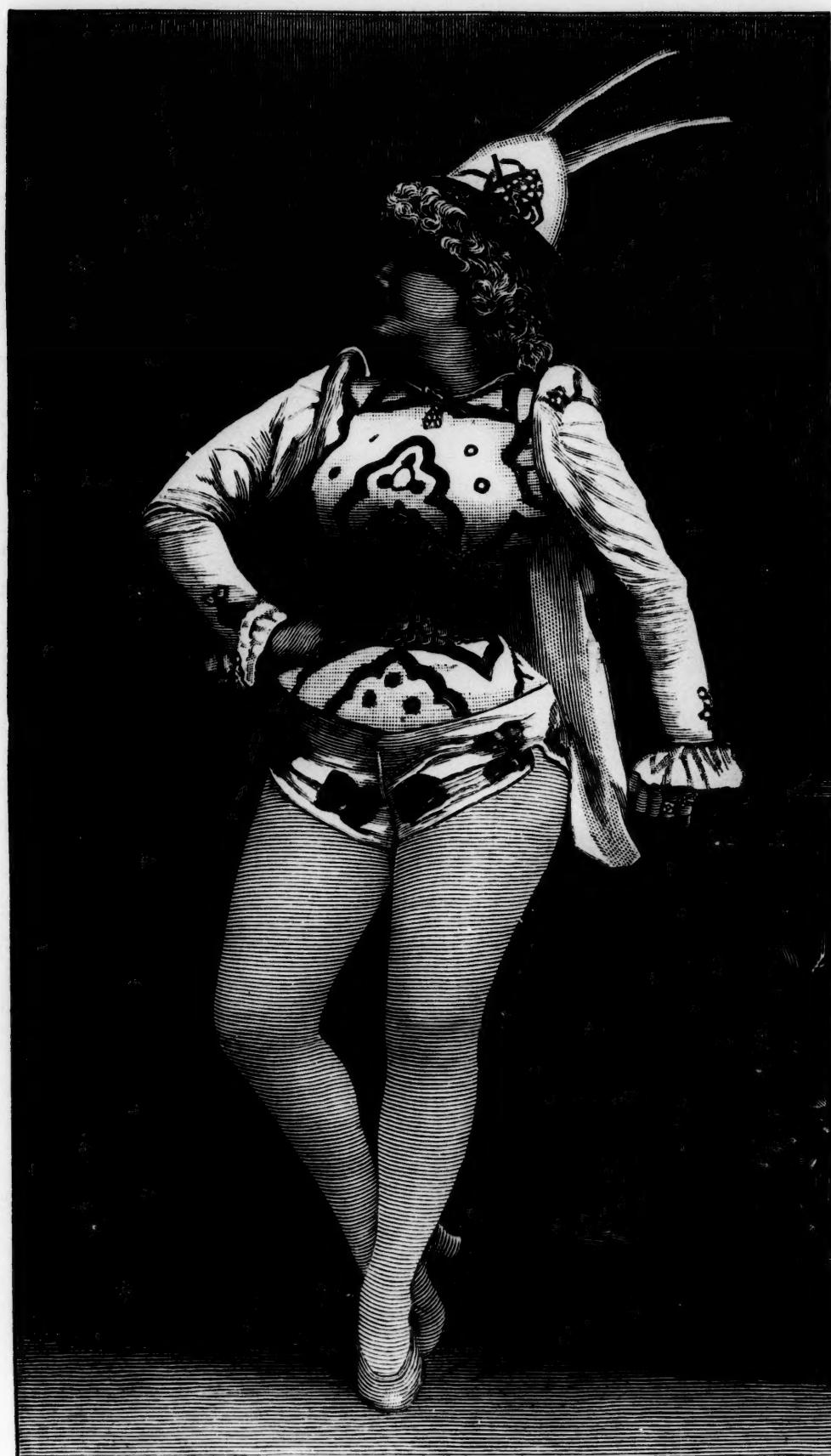
RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, N. Y.



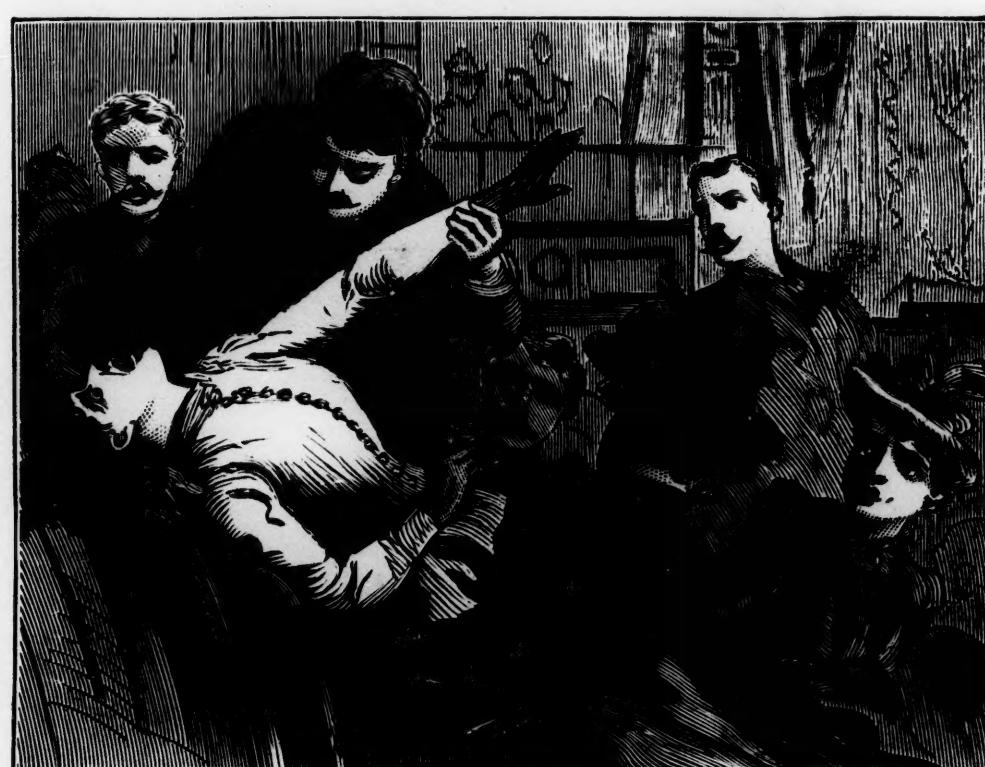
A LONDON MANAGER.
GEORGE F. BELMONT, THE POPULAR AND GENIAL PROPRIETOR OF THE FAMED
SEBRIGHT MUSIC HALL.



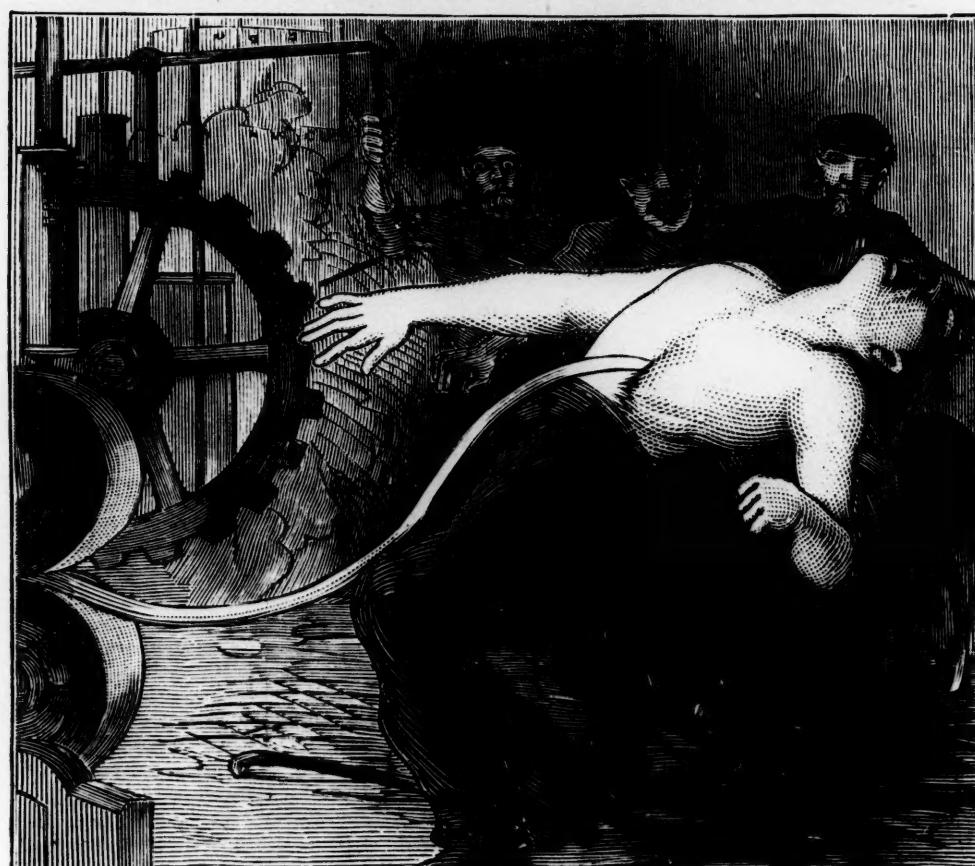
GUSHING ANNIE MYERS,
ONE OF THE PRETTY GIRLS WHO ATTRACTS AUDIENCES AND APPLAUSE FOR
GALLANT COL. McCUAUL.



SYLPHLIKE SYLVIA GERRISH,
A CHOICE BIT OF BEAUTY WHO HAS BEEN BOOMING MANAGER ARONSON'S BUSI-
NESS AT THE CASINO.



SHE SWALLOWED HER TEETH.
MRS. DUNSFORD, OF READING, PA., MEETS WITH A MISHAP IN A THEATRE.



PIERCED BY A BAR OF IRON.
THE STRANGE AND HORRIBLE DEATH OF JAMES DERRELL, AN EMPLOYEE OF
THE FINDLAY, OHIO, IRON WORKS.



THEY WERE ALL BAPTIZED.

WHILE WATCHING RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES IN AKRON, O., A BRIDGE GIVES WAY AND DUMPS THE SPECTATORS INTO THE CANAL.



KILLED BY A COW.

MRS. L. D. BOUSLOG, OF MIDDLETOWN, IND., WHILE MILKING, HAS HER NECK BROKEN BY A FRACIOUS BEAST.



IN A BAWDY HOUSE.

THERE'S WHERE A ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS, SOCIETY LEADER FOUND HER HUSBAND AND SHOT HIM DEAD.



MONKEYED WITH A GORILLA.

ISAIAH BLADE OF AKRON, O., THOUGHT HE WOULD LIKE TO SEE A GORILLA, AND HE SAW IT.



WILLIE'S LITTLE GUN.

HE KNEW IT WAS LOADED AND SO DID HIS COMPANIONS AFTER THEY HAD TRIED TO FRIGHTEN HIM.



A VERY FUNNY LOUSE.

A CHICAGO CITIZEN OF THAT NAME FORGIVES HIS WIFE AND HER PARAMOUR EVEN WHILE THE LATTER HAS LOUSE'S CLOTHES ON.

IN THE CATSKILLS.

A Jaunt on the Night and Day Boat.

GIRLS WHO PREVARIGATE.

A Steamboat Coming Down the Hudson on Lies.

THE POLICE GAZETTE FIEND'S HOWL.

The whims of women, the giddiness of girlies and the mawkishness of maidens are things beyond the elucidation of we poor men folk, and are worthy of a chapter.

Here goes the chapter:
I have been a close student of the eccentricities of the bewitching buds of beauty for many years, and have indelibly imprinted upon the tablets of my alleged brain some of them.

When a kittenish girlie makes up her mind to lasso a fellow, that fellow might as well throw up his hands and come right into camp without a kick or a struggle,



or he is liable to be jerked in with a vehemence that will make his back hair stand on end like the what-you-call-on the fretful you know.

The Summer girl offers up the best field for the observation of the anatomist, and oh, how the Summer girl does get there!

If pa hasn't money enough to send her to the Catskills or to Newport for the Summer, she goes there, allez samee—in her mind. There is more lie in a nervy Summer girl than there is in a soft soap barrel, and an ice cream foundry has to take a rear pew for coolness.

A few weeks ago I had occasion to go to Albany on the night boat. It was thronged with passengers going to the Catskills. Most of them were families who had been sitting in their back yards all Summer tanning themselves up, in order to produce the orthodox Summer shade.

The girls of the party made more fuss than if they



were starting for Europe, and they talked out real loud and let every body on board know that they had been at Newport all summer, and were going to take a hark at the Catskills for the rest of the season, don't you know?

That was on Friday night. On Monday I returned by the day boat, and jumping jewhittaker! there were those self-same girls on the dock at Catskill. They had Alpenstocks, large hats covered with ferns, and a mountain air about them, and they were tanned more than a little boy who had snuck off and gone in swimming on Sunday.

Then they came up on deck and lied until they gave me a pain.

They told each other, so that everybody else could hear, what a delightfully delightful time they had had in the mountains all summer. How, in early July, the horse had run away and nearly thrown them over a precipice; how they didn't like Count Headfield because he didn't speak French, how many offers of marriage they had declined from Markis de Lush, Duke of Guff and Prince de Mush, and how they were glad to get back to dear old home, so now there.

One girl had tanned her nose too much, and when it

got warm it leaked over her mouth and bronzed her lips beautifully, though not becomingly.

Another had a brand of tan that was evidently a mixture of shoe polish and rouge, and when they mingled with perspiration and soft coal cinders she could have grabbed the front row in a dime museum as a tattooed freak.

They had been up in the mountains exactly two days by the clock, and they owned the boat and half way across the river, and made their sisters, who had only been in the country over night, envious.

And then their Alpenstocks! These were becluttered with ribbons and wild flowers and had notches in denoting the number of mountains they had "climbed," as one of them put it. There were more notches in the alpenstocks than there are on the map of the United



BEEN THERE TWO MONTHS (?)

States, with Switzerland, and Italy, and Cohoeschucked in for good measure.

And then the Goldstein girls. The Goldstein girls are away up in X in society and are very fond of balls and parties, especially the former. What makes them so fond of the former is that their father always keeps three of them hung out in front of his place of business on Chatham street, which is immediately under their parlor. They say that their pa is at the head of a mercantile house, but we all know him as "Our Uncle." Goldstein and the girls went up with us on the Friday night boat, and when they came back with us on Monday they had been away two whole months, yah!

What times they had, to be sure. They had evidently struck a brass mine while they had been let loose from business, for they had more rings on them than Saturn, and they must have slaughtered a glass-pot in man up in the mountains, for their diamonds glinted and glistened in the sunshine until they dazzled one's eyes.

Holy smoke! how they did lie and own the boat. There was Papa and Mamma Goldstein, the two daughters Goldstein, eight little Goldsteins and two poor relations, who were dressed as maids for the occasion. Papa Goldstein was a little lame, and I understood afterward that he caught it while endeavoring to



THE GOODSTEIN FAMILY.

own the Catskill Mountain. They talked about their long sojourn in the "Castile" Mountains, as if they associated them with a certain kind of soap, with which, by the way, they evidently had no other acquaintance, and how they had to sleep with eight blankets over them to keep warm. Perhaps that was true, for their luggage looked fatter than it did when they went up.

They all wanted choice seats and got them—to get—for the other passengers were onto 'em with both feet, and then at dinner time papa went down with the girls. All hands wanted to go, of course, but Goldstein was no chump, and he suggested out loud that mamma go down with the children afterward. He took the girls down, and they cornered a meal out of a satchel in the toilet room, and then mamma went out with the children, and when they came back the grip resembled a banana's overcoat without any intestines, and the "maids" had to go broke on hash, as old man Gold-



THEY GO TO DINNER.

stein remarked that the dining room "was all glose up already."

I might tell a great deal more that I saw, but hesitate, fearing that I might be charged with having

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caught the contagion and with having a desire to go into training as a three-barrelled har.

The lying of the giddy contingent became so vociferous on the way down that the captain of the boat shut off all steam when we had reached West Point and let the girls talk against the smokestack, and consequently all the captain had to do was to steer the boat and stuff his ears with cotton waste.

At the West Point dock the giddies spat upon their fingers and smoothed down their lovelocks at a brawny looking fellow in uniform who stood on the dock.

Everybody was anxious to grab a glance from his eye.

One girl said:

"That's Col. Chauncey. We stopped at Narragansett Peash last summer together. He is too offally delightful to tell."

When the Colonel began to hustle trunks it was ascertained that the "Colonel" was one of the "Regular Army O," and the subsequent proceedings interested the girlies no more.

QUEVEDO.

A FEMALE BASEBALLIST.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Clara Knox, the wife of a baseball player, who lives in Philadelphia, publicly cowed Robert Moreland, recently, for speaking in a bad manner about her. Moreland boarded with Mrs. Knox, and as her husband was away a great part of the time there was lots of talk by the gossips of the neighborhood about them. These stories came to the ears of Mr. Knox, and he threatened Moreland, while Moreland had him bound over to keep the peace. When Mrs. Knox heard of the matter she obtained a cowhide and went to the Davenport factory, where Moreland worked. She waited until the hands came out and then went for Moreland with the whip. He received a number of sharp cuts and ran away, while the other hands mocked him. Magistrate O'Brien issued a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Knox later in the day, at Moreland's request.

FOUND IN A CHIMNEY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Mary Kenny, of No. 173 Cherry street, who is the widow of Policeman James Kenny, and who became insane over his death, disappeared on September 8. Her friends searched all over for her without success. A few days ago a chimney sweep started to clean out the chimney and was horrified to discover the body of a woman in it. The alarm was at once given and the chimney quickly torn down, where Mrs. Kenny's body was found. She was so tightly wedged in that it took the strength of several men to pull the body up. One of Mrs. Kenny's hallucinations was that she owed a debt of \$15, and she was in constant fear that she would be arrested and disgrace her husband. She would try to hide from imaginary pursuers and would seek the most out-of-the-way places in her efforts to escape, and it is believed she climbed into the chimney while in one of these fits.

MONKEYED WITH A GORILLA.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

W. H. Stewart of Ft. Wayne, Ind., is proprietor of a museum. He has a very large gorilla, noted for its strength and ferocity, caged, and at present the cage is in his barn. Recently a man named Issiah Slade of Akron, Ohio, desired to see the animal, and visited Stewart's barn during his absence. The animal had just been fed and one of the iron bars of the cage was left open. As soon as Slade entered the barn the gorilla forced his way through the opening and sprung upon the man, forcing him down and punished him frightfully. His yell brought Stewart, who with great difficulty drove the animal into his cage. Slade had his whiskers all pulled out, one eye gouged out, and his nose badly torn.

DELLA WALKER'S SUICIDE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Della Walker, a beautiful and accomplished young girl, aged 19 years, committed suicide at Langdon, N. H., recently. She was the daughter of J. C. Walker and was highly educated. She attended the Vermont Academy for two years, Smith College for one year, and spent two years in the Boston Art Museum. She was apparently enjoying her vacation at home, and had expected to return to Boston shortly. The cause of Miss Walker's suicide is a mystery. She was an intimate friend of Miss Skinner, of Keene, and Miss Walker, of Springfield, Vt., both of whom committed suicide last winter. All three young women formerly attended the Vermont Academy together.

HE OUGHT TO HAVE A WHOLE PIE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

While an unknown tramp was walking from Council Bluffs to Missouri valley on the track of the Chicago and Northwestern road, he discovered a broken rail on a high embankment, where the rails made a sharp turn, between Crescent and Stoney Creek, Ia. No train could pass over it in safety and the next train due was the limited passenger. He at once ran to Honey Creek, three miles distant, and tried to raise the operator, who was not at his post. He then aroused the section hands, and they took the hand car and went back to the broken rail, arriving there just in time to flag the limited and stop it within a few feet of almost certain destruction. The people of the vicinity are raising subscriptions to present the tramp with a pie.

LIGHTNING HAS NO FRIENDS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A small frame church, about five miles south of Columbia City, Ind., was struck by lightning while Sunday school services were being held recently. The lightning struck the spire and coursed down through the roof, instantly killing two young girls named Agnes Freyer and Mary Hockemeier, who were sitting together in the centre of their class, and badly frightened the rest of the school.

A YOUNG WOMAN AS A LAWYER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One afternoon recently Miss Kate L. Pier, who practices law in Milwaukee, argued a case before the Supreme Court, at Madison, Wis. She was the first who ever appeared in such a capacity before that august body. She made a strong and logical presentation and was accorded the most respectful attention. The lady's opponent was Jno. J. Sutton of Columbus, who was very deferential in his references to the opposing counsel. Miss Pier was attired in black silk and a rich diamond sparkled on her finger. She is a beautiful girl, a little over twenty years of age, a brunette, with

bewitching eyes and very heavy lashes, but her striking feature is her splendid black hair, which falls nearly to the floor in a massive braid. Her mother and she graduated together from the law department of the Wisconsin University a year ago and both now practice at Milwaukee.

DAVE AND JOE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Dave and Joe Nicely, who are under sentence of death for the murder of Farmer Umberger, overpowered the sheriff of Somerset, N. Y., jail one morning recently, and when the deputy sheriff went to his assistance they put a bullet in him, from the effects of which he may die. They then made good their escape and reached the woods with a crowd of 500 people three minutes behind. After a long search both men were captured and finally landed in jail, though ropes were procured and many wanted to lynch them. It is thought that the brothers had friends outside who were helping them, as six revolvers were found in their cells and on them.

PLACED A TIE ON THE TRACK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Some fiend placed a cross-tie across the track on the Central Railroad near Atlanta, Ga., recently. The regular night freight train ran into it, and the following men were killed: John Jordan, engineer; Robert Martin, fireman, and Rufus Parker, brakeman. The engine struck with such force as to throw the train off the rails and jumble them up between the high banks of earth on both sides. Near the scene is a barrack, and all hands turned out and a fire brigade was organized, which soon put out all signs of fire. The bodies of Engineer Jordan and his fireman show that they had jumped from the engine and tried to escape death.

"HOLD UP YOUR HANDS!"

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

While the stage from Forest Hill to Auburn, Cal., was on its way to Auburn it was suddenly stopped by a masked man, who sprang from behind some rocks, stopped the horses, and after covering the driver with a revolver, he quietly remarked: "Throw down Wells & Fargo's Express box." The driver waited a minute, hoping the passengers would help him, but as they did not he threw down the box. After getting the box, the masked man called out, "Drive on," and as the stage plowed down the hill the bandit broke the box, took its contents and escaped. He lives in the mountains and is supposed to be from New York.

UNLUCKY FOOTPADS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

"Old Hutch," the veteran speculator, of Chicago, was held up by footpads in the vicinity of the Rialto building, recently, but the footpads only got fifteen cents off a man worth millions. A watchman in the Lake Shore depot saw the whole affair, and ran forward and frightened the robbers off. To keep the matter quiet, "Old Hutch" took the watchman into his office and gave him a check. The watchman was so pleased about his luck that the check was seen by others, and the matter leaked out.

IN A BAWDY HOUSE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Recently Mrs. Luke Dimick, of Rock Island, Ill., followed her husband to a house of ill repute, and, seeing him in company with an inmate, fatally shot him. It was given out at the time that the shooting was accidental, and Mrs. Dimick so claimed. The father of the dead man, who is a real estate operator of Chicago, offered to go on Mrs. Dimick's bond for any amount. Last week the grand jury indicted Mrs. Dimick.

SYLPHLIKE SYLVIA GERRISH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Everybody who ever went to a theatre knows sylphlike Sylvia Gerrish, the sweet singer of Mr. Aronson's Casino contingent. What Miss Gerrish doesn't know about warbling isn't in the books, and what she hasn't learned about being pretty and fascinating is among the things unknowable. Miss Gerrish's portrait will be found in our dramatic gallery this week.

Pretty ANN E MYERS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The gallant Col. McCaul has a treasure in buxom Annie Myers, one of New York's pretty actresses. We present the lady's portrait on another page.

CONFIDENCE IN THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY.

\$10,000 for Cairoites.

Mr. Fred Sticher, the well-known and popular banker at 1806 Commercial avenue, who drew \$6,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery on the 13th inst., is receiving endless congratulations from his many friends, and the lucky banker feels considerable cause for congratulation himself. A *Bulletin* reporter found Mr. Sticher at his place of business and questioned him in regard to the winning ticket No. 85 332, which drew one-twentieth of the second capital prize of \$100,000.

Mr. Sticher said: "I have been playing in the Louisiana State Lottery for four or five years, investing \$2 in tickets each month. Have always been satisfied with the result of my investment of my money, for I've drawn numerous small prizes at various times, once a ticket I held was good for \$30. I believe this lottery to be a square deal, as I have never had the least trouble about collecting prizes—the money always came to hand at once. The scheme is a fair one beyond doubt."

"My \$5,000 prize arrived last Monday through the Alexander County Bank. With \$5 off for exchange and \$1 for the ticket, I have a total return of \$4,999, which is now on deposit to my credit at the bank. The other one-twentieth of the same ticket, owned by a club of ten, Messrs. Laycock, McCarty, Shafter, Nagle, Meehan, Brown, Morrow, Moorehead and others, threw \$500 each into the hands of deserving men, who will put it to good use."

"I will invest my money in real estate, perhaps, or let some one do it for me."

"Of course I shall continue to play the lottery. I do not intend to break it, but will contribute my dollar regularly as before to that institution."

And the reporter left Mr. Sticher in excellent good humor over his good luck.—*Cairo (Ils.) Bulletin*, August 24.

The most sensational book ever published, "Bella Starr, the Famous Bandit Queen of the West," and rival of Jesse James. Very handsomely illustrated; now ready. Price, 50 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

BAD MARY McGREEVY.

Chicago Takes the Cake with a Precocious Girl Burglar.

A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD THIEF.

She Cracks any Number of Cribs and is Finally Scooped.

SENT TO THE HOUSE OF REFUGE.

Chicago takes the cake for precocious burglars. Mary McGreevy, not quite sixteen years of age and pert, plump and pretty, is perhaps the youngest expert female criminal on record, as this story will prove to the satisfaction of the cynical:

Pretty Mary McGreevy began her life of crime before she was thirteen years of age. She is one of six children, her father being a carpenter who holds a com-



SHE GOT AWAY WITH THE PLUNDER.

fortable home on Twenty-third street. Her parents are Irish born, and no stain has ever blotted the family name until their daughter began her criminal career. Where will it end? On the scaffold or immured in a felon's cell for life? She developed a desire to steal while engaged as a domestic in various houses of the rich on the south side. Her quiet, winning ways and pretty face always secured for her a position in the best households.

Her thefts did not remain long undiscovered, and though not arrested, out of consideration for the family, she soon became branded as a dishonest girl by those from whom she had stolen. No longer able to carry on her thefts in the guise of a domestic, she began to break into the houses in the neighborhood where she had been employed. She always chose the morning hours for her operations, when the male members of the family were absent and the servants and female members were attending to their work. Her plan of operation was to approach the house from the rear, selecting a house which had screen doors, with the ordinary

THE PRETTY GIRL BURGLAR. doors open. She would pick out a house where she saw the servant working outside, and take her chances of meeting some member of the family when she got inside.

Her burglars' tools consisted chiefly of a pair of large, sharp scissors and a capacious bag, in which she stowed her plunder. She used the scissors to effect an entrance by ripping the wire screen near the opening of the door. It took less than a minute to insert her hand or fingers, and, lifting the catch, she was inside ready for business. If she found no screen door she would turn her attention to the basement screen win-



CAUGHT AT LAST.

dows, cut a hole in them and lift them up high enough to crawl inside. Once in the house she did her work swiftly and noiselessly, first ransacking the servants' rooms, which she calculated on being empty. If the contents did not take her fancy she would go upstairs to the family bed rooms, carrying off expensive dresses, trinkets, jewelry and fancy feminine articles. In fact, anything of value, from a piece of lace to a seal-

skin sacque, was jammed into her pockets or the bag she carried. She also pocketed watches and chains, costly bric-a-brac, silver tableware and pocketbooks containing money. Nothing of a salable nature which she could take away handily was despised, and, if not pressed for time, she would go carefully through the rooms, make her selections and wrap the goods in a bundle, which looked less suspicious than a bag. She committed her depredations with boldness and skill for two and a half years, defying detection by the police, who were at a complete loss to know who was the slick house-breaker and thief.

In the spring of 1888 the police of the Stanton avenue district were thoroughly alarmed by the daily reports which they received from victims of the daring daylight burglaries. The neighborhood was believed to be infested with a desperate gang of professional

taken again." She resisted the officers and photographer, kicked and made faces to spoil the picture, but she was finally subdued and a fairly good likeness of her was obtained.

When arraigned in court for the last offense Mary acted as nonchalantly as any of the witnesses when they told of her burglaries; how she broke into their houses, ransacked the rooms, fought like a tigress when caught with her plunder; how she jumped over fences to escape capture; how she flourished a revolver at one of her female pursuers and threatened to shoot another who ventured too near the phenomenal housebreaker; how she gave one housewife a black eye for barring her exit from the scene of her crime, and how she became the terror of the neighborhood in which she operated with such professional skill. All this and more was told to the astonished Judge, while the meek-looking prisoner raised her eyes occasionally or parted her compressed lips in a pleasant smile, showing a pretty set of white teeth, when the witnesses referred to her fence-jumping and revolver-flourishing.

A tell-tale peculiarity about this anomaly is that she will not or can not look any one squarely in the face when being spoken to or speaking herself. She raises her eyes for a second once in a while and then lowers them to the ground. She has none of the brazen effrontery common to profess oral criminals of her sex, and when she speaks, which is not often, her voice is soft and low. Her lawyer evidently realized the hopelessness of his task, for he allowed the witnesses to go almost unquestioned, and advanced the plea of insanity in defense of his client's crimes. He argued that the proper place for her to go was the House of the Good Shepherd; that reformation and not punishment would be best for her own good and the safety of society, considering her immature age, but the Court decided to send the incorrigible housebreaker and thief to the Criminal Court, where the County Physician could pass upon her mental condition, and if sane and guilty she must take her first term in the penitentiary. The prisoner was in no way affected by the sight of her grief-stricken parents or the prospect of a penitentiary sentence hanging over her.



THE E CAPE.

house-breakers, and the people lived in daily fear of being robbed and murdered. The police could not obtain the slightest clue to the burglar, while houses continued to be broken into and the inmates robbed with impunity. Officers in plain clothes patrolled the district, and on March 27 the mystery was cleared up. Mary McGreevy was seen to leave a house with a bundle under her arm, and on being questioned it was found the goods had been stolen. Her arrest led to the finding of a wagon-load of stolen goods at Mary's home, which had been stored there without her parents' knowledge. This goes to show what a clever criminal Mary was even at the age of fourteen. The Stanton avenue police station was turned into a fancy bazaar, and women of high and low degree came from far and near to claim their long-lost articles, which they never expected to see again. As Mary was not fifteen years of age at that time and had never been arrested before, she was given a chance to reform her ways by a year in the House of the Good Shepherd, a Roman Catholic institution which receives erring girls on age.

But her peculiar refractory nature asserted itself before she had been in the home a month. She escaped



REMR E.

twice from the irksome restraint and showed her Jack Sheppard proclivities in the neat way she got on the outside of the high walls. The Sisters refused to take her back the second time and the police allowed her to return home—only to resume operations at the old stand. Business was soon in full blast. The police began to receive complaints of thefts and daylight burglaries from time to time, and it gradually dawned on the Vicksburg intellects that Mary was at her old tricks again. She had been robbing and "burgling" and stealing right-hand-left in the same neighborhood for five months before the "fly cops" got their hands on her a second time. Mary's home was visited again, a trunk full of stolen goods was found and the young culprit was once more in a police cell. Her parents again professed to be ignorant of her depredations, though some of the children were wearing stolen clothing, which Mary told her parents had been given to her by the families she had worked for.

But the fact was that Mary hadn't done a stroke of honest work for several years except in the House of the Good Shepherd. She wore some of the stolen clothing herself, turned the valuable goods and jewelry into cash at the pawnshops and stowed the rest away in her room. She confessed to most of her crimes, and when asked why she played the burglar, smiled and said: "It's an easy way to get what I wanted. There's lots of fun in it. I like good things to wear and money to spend. It's the only way I have to live like a lady." She said she would rather go to the penitentiary than spend another day in the House of the Good Shepherd, and she will probably be accommodated. Her quiet, lady-like demeanor has puzzled every one who comes into contact with her.

Mary was photographed last year for the Rogues' Gallery, and her second picture now adorns the big album. Before "sitting" within the focus of the camera she exclaimed: "I'll never have my picture

We would call the attention of those wishing to subscribe for the POLICE GAZETTE, or desiring to order books or sporting goods, to the 2d page, first column, as per arrangement made with American Express Co.

KILLED IN A PRIZE FIGHT.

Thos. E. Jackson Knocked Senseless by Ed Ahearn in a St. Louis Saloon.

THE ARREST OF ALL CONCERNED.

Thomas E. Jackson, aged 18 years, was killed in a prize fight in Daly Brothers' saloon, St. Louis, Sept. 16. He fought Ed Ahearn, local light-weight champion, eleven bloody rounds, and at the opening of the twelfth fell fainting in his second's arms. The fight throughout was one of the most desperate battles ever witnessed in the ring, science being lost sight of and give-and-take slugging marking the fight throughout. The first blood was brought in the first round, more of it in the second, and by the time half a dozen rounds had been fought the men and their seconds were covered with blood, as was the sawdust on the floor of the ring, while the water with which the fighters were sponged was as red as blood itself.

When Jackson fell unconscious he was carried to a room above the saloon, and three physicians called in. They worked vigorously, but without avail, and at 11 o'clock on the following morning Jackson died. His



JACKSON DROPS LIKE A LOG.

mother, Mrs. George M. Jackson, wife of the well-known local Greenbacker, was notified, and sat by her son's bedside, completely overcome, while the spark of life slowly faded out.

The spectators were principally pool alley sports, who made up a purse of \$30, for which the men, or rather boys, contested. Two-ounce hard gloves were used. Bob Farrell and Charley Daly seconded Ahearn, and Steve Burns and Mike Mooney looked after Jackson. The fight started at midnight, and the eleven rounds can be described as wholly without science. The crowd of sports sneaked out and left the battered fighter on Daly's hands.

Daly, who has fought some well-known sluggers, among them Meyer, the Streator, Ill., pugilist, who made a draw with Light-weight Champion Mulliffe, did all he could for the dying boy, but without avail.

Jackson was well known in fighting circles as Jack King, and his parents were ignorant of his pugilistic ambition. Ahearn is a gasfitter by occupation and a fighter by inclination.

Ahearn was a pupil of Farrell's, and Jackson announced that he would fight him for fun or money. It was decided that they should fight with two-ounce gloves. The men met on the street Sept. 16, and there was a dispute, which was stopped by an agreement to fight immediately. Both were in fair condition, but had received no special preparation for the battle. Joe Murphy, a reporter, was referee. Jackson had the best of it for three rounds. He knocked Ahearn down twice and slugged him hard.

Jackson's seconds claimed foul several times. Ahearn hitting him below the belt and striking him when he was down. The referee would not allow the fouls, and forced the men to fight on. In the tenth round Jackson began to show signs of weakness. Ahearn caught

CUT TO PIECES.**[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]**

Mrs. Harrison and her pretty daughter Mary, of Fall River, Conn., visited Providence, R. I., one day recently, to attend a funeral. While there they stopped at the house of a friend at No. 17 Dale street. After having supper the young lady started out for a walk, and as she did not return her friends were wondering what had become of her, when they were notified that her dead body had been found on the railroad track of the New York and New England route by three track laborers. The mother, who was one of the first to reach the scene, found the body torn to pieces. The trunk lay 25 feet away from the limbs. By order of Medical Examiner Palmer, the remains were removed to the morgue.

WILLIE'S LITTLE GUN.**[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]**

One evening recently a crowd of boys at Winchester, Kan., decided to frighten one of their companions by placing a "tick-tack" on his window. They went to the house of their companion, whose name is Willie Ray, and proceeded to arrange the tick-tack. Willie heard them, and, thinking they were burglars, he loaded a shot gun and fired into the crowd. Ed Lucas received a painful wound in the arm; Daniel Lowe received a bullet in the head, from which he will die, and Tom Gardiner received four wounds, one of which was in the head and another through the lung.

THEY KILLED THE HIGHWAYMAN.**[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]**

J. L. Patterson, superintendent of the Runover mine, was knocked off his horse between Daggett, Cal., and Calico and robbed of \$5,000 in gold coin by Parry Dodson, recently. The robber then took Patterson's horse and escaped with the money. Several parties, including the victim, started in pursuit, and Dodson was overtaken by Patterson and John Ackerman near Coyote. He was lying behind some brush when they came upon him, and he commenced shooting at them at once. They returned the fire, hitting Dodson nine times, killing him instantly. The stolen money was found on him.

SHE SWALLOWED HER TEETH.**[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]**

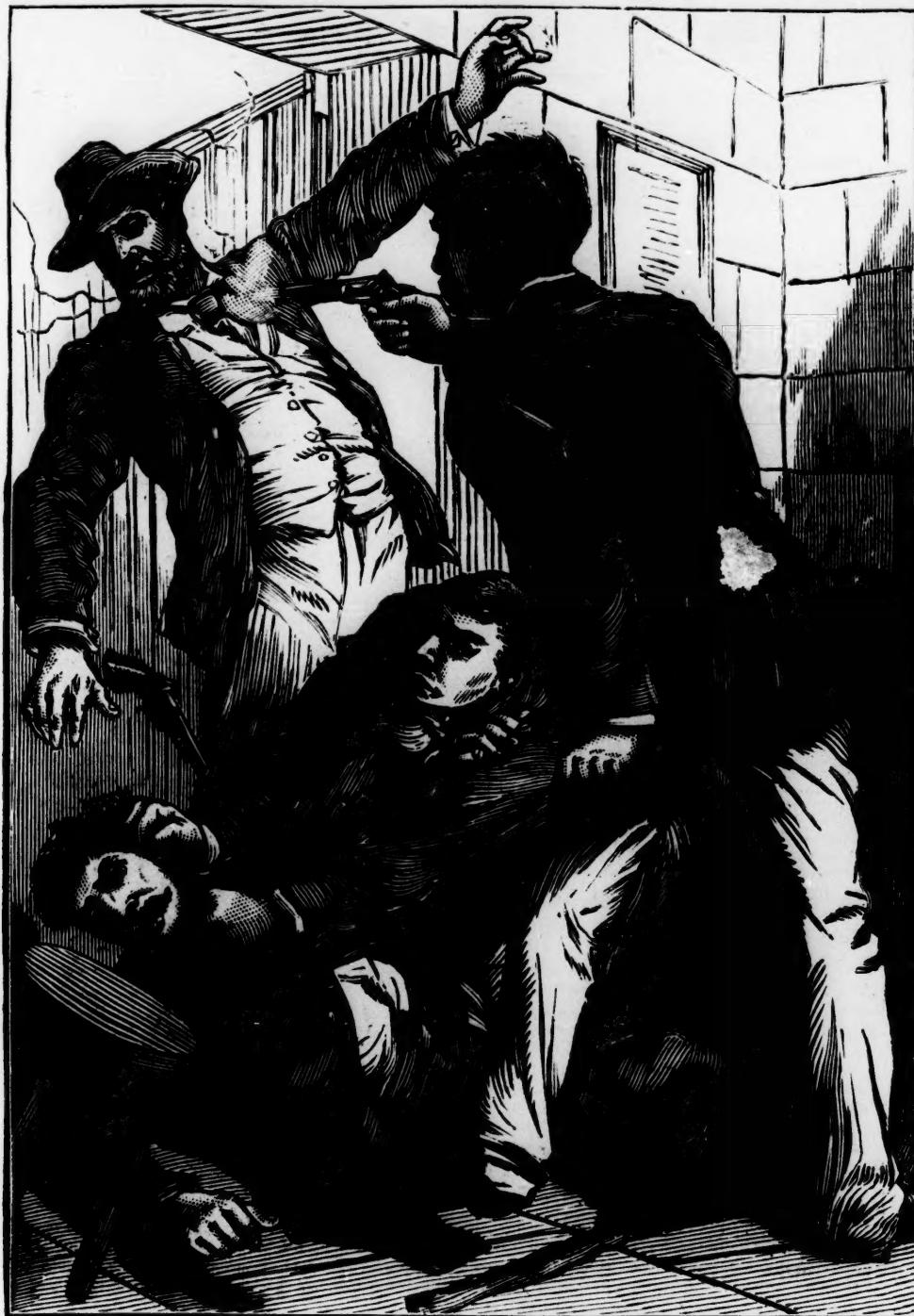
Mrs. George H. Dunford, the wife of one of Reading's (Pa.) leading citizens, died recently, after being thrown into spasms while laughing at a theatrical performance. Her artificial teeth were missing after her death, and a post-mortem examination developed the fact that she had swallowed them. They were found lodged in her stomach.



HE WAS CARRIED TO A HIDING-PLACE.

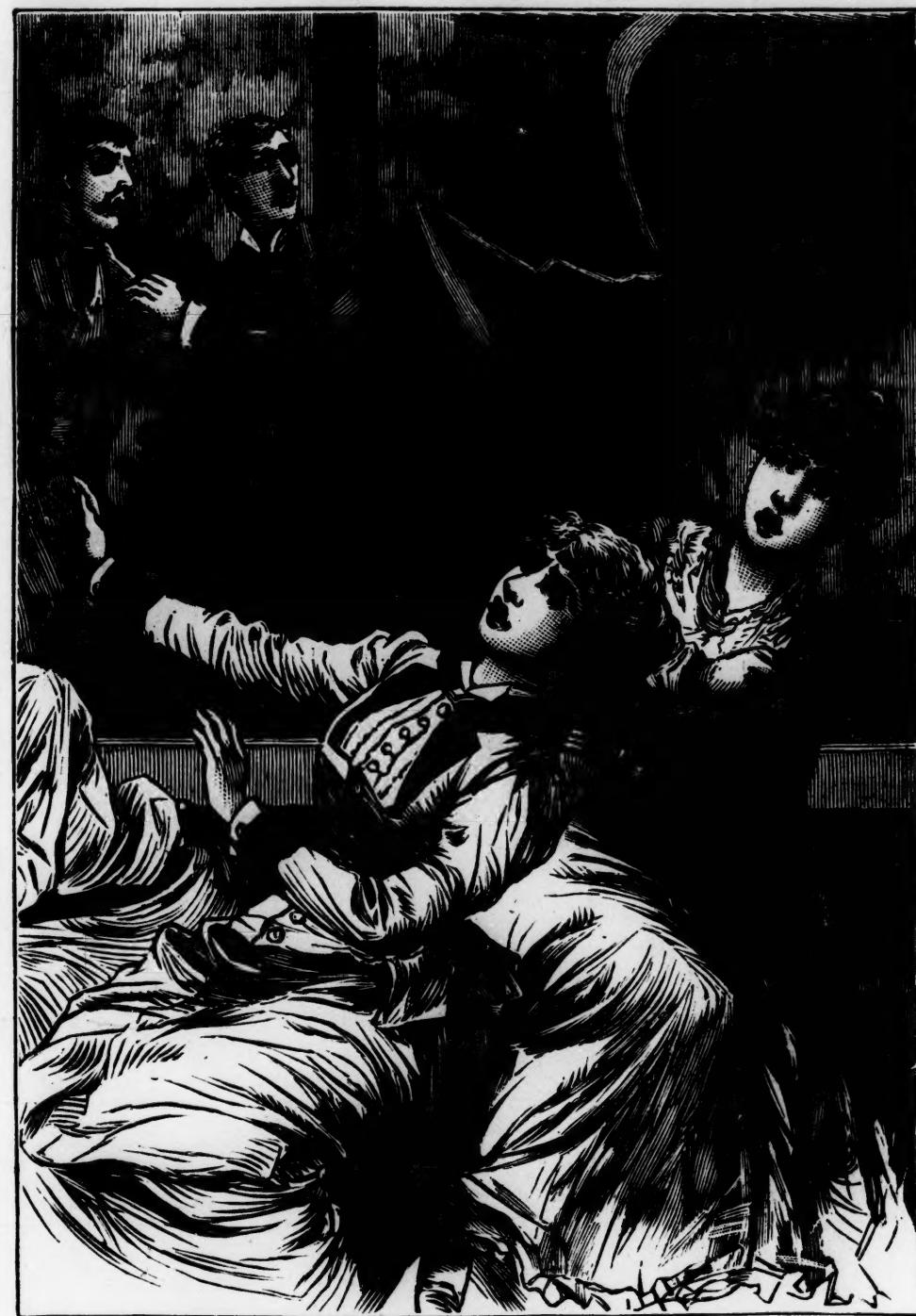
him a straight left-hander in the jaw that knocked him over in his corner, where he stood bent over with his head about six inches from one of the hard wood posts that formed a corner of the ring. Ahearn rushed at him and struck him a powerful blow on the neck with his right. The blow drove Jackson's head against the post with terrible violence, and he dropped to the floor.

He was not "out," but staggered to his feet again and fought two more rounds, and then fell unconscious. Dan Daly, Charley Daly, Harry Allen, Jim Collins, William Malloy, Bob Farrell, Joe Murphy and other participants and witnesses were arrested. Ahearn was also arrested later, and showed the hard punishment he had suffered. The principals in the affair will be prosecuted for manslaughter.



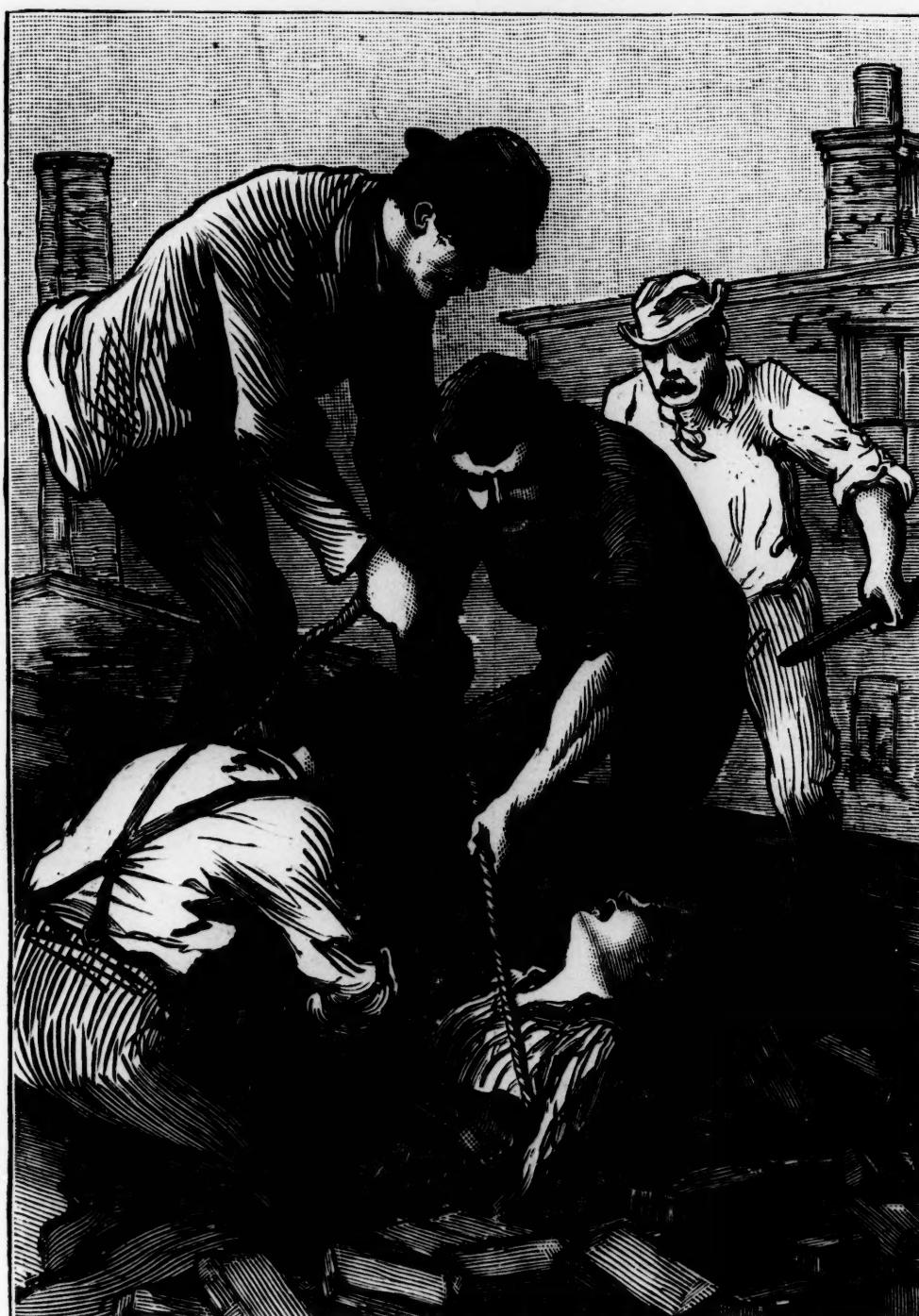
DAVE AND JOE.

A NICE LITTLE PAIR WHICH THE CITIZENS OF SOMERSET, N. Y., DREW TO AND AT
AND FINALLY SCOOPED IN.



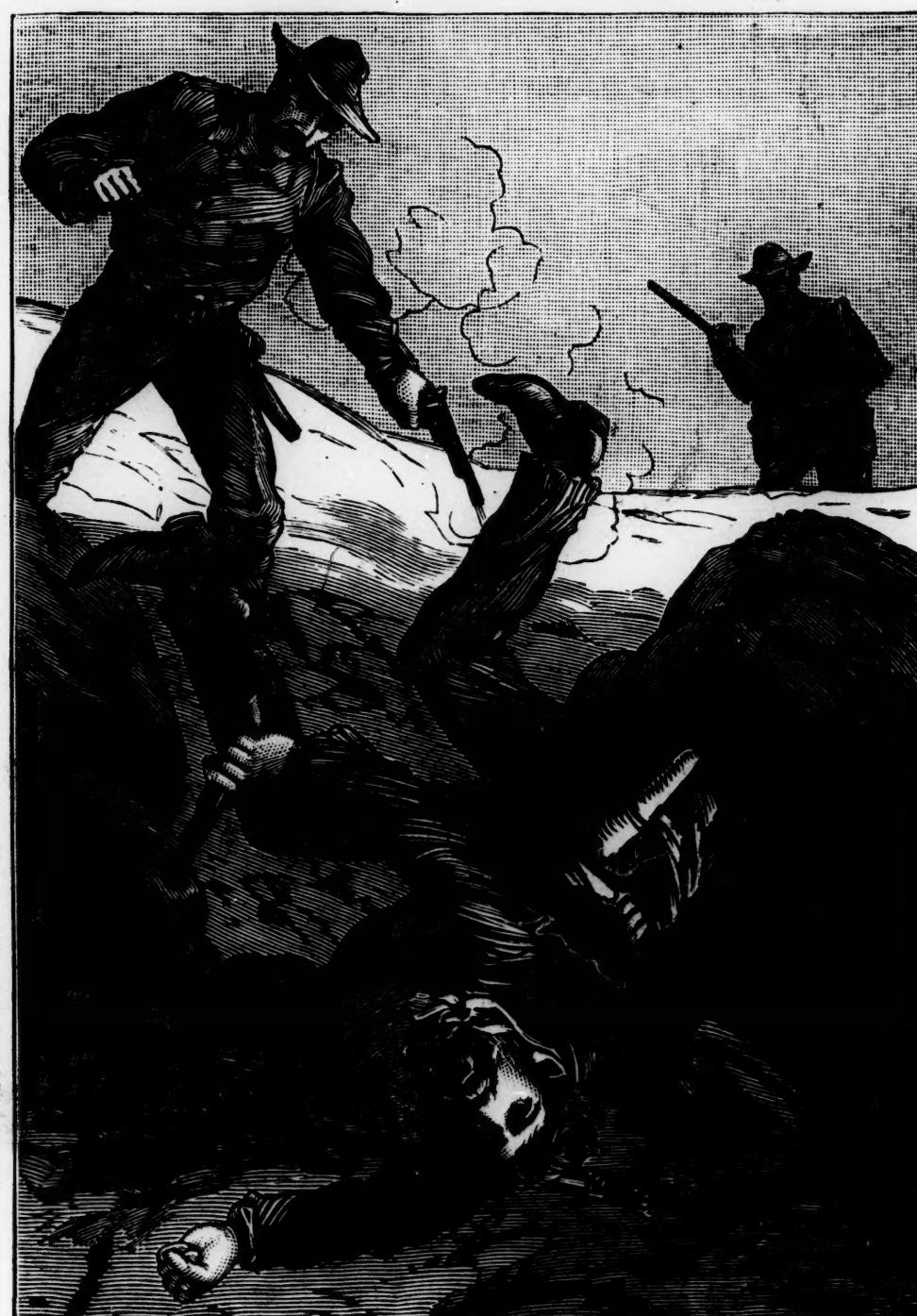
LIGHTNING HAS NO FRIENDS.

IT SWOOPS INTO AN INDIANA CHURCH FESTIVAL, CAUSES CONSIDERABLE CON-
STERNATION AND KILLS TWO PRETTY GIRLS.



FOUND IN A CHIMNEY.

MRS. MARY KENNY, OF CHERRY STREET, NEW YORK, DISAPPEARED WHILE IN-
SANE, AND HER BODY IS RECLAIMED BY A SWEEP.



THEY KILLED THE HIGHWAYMAN.

PARRY DODSON HOLDS UP SUPERINTENDENT PATTERSON OF A CALIFORNIA MINE,
AND IS RIDDLED WITH BUCKSHOT.



A FEMALE BASEBALLIST.

CLARA KNOX CAPTURES A HIGH BALL AND COMPELS A PHILADELPHIAN TO MAKE A HOME RUN.



A YOUNG WOMAN AS A LAWYER.

MISS KATE L. PIER OF MILWAUKEE, WIS., ARGUES A CASE BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT AT MADISON, WIS.

BOSTON'S GOT THE DUST

And that Reminds "June" that New York's Got the Pennant.

CHIRPY BASEBALL NEWS.

Keele, of the Washingtons, is dangerously ill at present, as he is suffering from a very serious attack of enlargement of the head, a disease that has been the ruin of so many promising young ball players. He feels that he is the equal of any pitcher in the United States and vastly the superior of Tim Keefe, of the New York club.

Von der Hoest, of the Baltimore club, has made a wonderful discovery, and he is in a fair way now to make a large amount of money. He found it out by the most accident. He made many very unkind remarks about the Baltimore reporters, and then it was that he made the discovery that was not the way for public men to do business. He got ripped up the back, slashed down the front, and torn to pieces limb by limb, and his poor carcass was dumped upon until the pulp was beyond recognition.

Gabriel discovered a wonderful twist which would have passed the entire baseball fraternity, had it not been for a slight accident which occurred the first time he put it into execution. Gabriel is a long-headed fellow, and instead of coming out with a patent on his delivery and starting the band as a phenomenal, he thought he would try it first in his humble way while he played with the Tommaw, Iowa, club. He evidently had not got it down to the proper state of perfection, for the first time he tried it he broke his arm in the attempt. They say it is a great delivery, however, and the man who masters it will make his fortune, as he will certainly be in great demand.

Boston is out with the dust and is buying up everything on the market regardless of the expense, so long as it is a good pitcher.

Jack Kerins has had a delicate sufficiency of umpiring and has quit the business. He has joined the Baltimore club, but so long as he plays ball he will never question an umpire's decision. He has run the gauntlet and knows how it is himself.

The Boston reporters were full of braggadocio while their team was in the lead, but the moment the New Yorks went ahead of them they began to squeal like pigs, and swear by all that was holy that four-fifths of the players and managers of the League would prefer seeing the New Yorks win the pennant just for the pleasure of seeing the triumvirate downed. The Bostonians are glorious winners, but the hardest losers on the face of the globe.

McVey, of the Indianapolis club, tried to be decent. That is, he asked for his release four or five times, and as they wouldn't give it to him he said he had done as much as he could do toward being respectable, so he started right for home in Texas without going into further argument with his club officials.

Martin Sullivan, though a first-class ball player, had the misfortune of having his head chopped off by the Indianapolis club management for paying more attention to the old stuff than to baseball.

Radbourne, without his moustache, looks as though he had been doing time.

Everything depends upon success. The Buffalo club has had a streak of hard luck this season beyond a doubt, and the patrons of the game in that city, instead of sympathizing with and encouraging the players, are shouting to have them all dropped into the soup and a new team hired for next year.

Ed Slich is a victim of the Denver club management discipline. Ed thought that his services were indispensable, and he paid no attention to the riot act which was read to all the players by the president of the club, nor did it strike him very forcibly when two of the players were released on account of drunkenness. He went right on hitting the booze as of old, until he resolved, to his astonishment, in being fired bodily out of the club.

The manager of the Louisville club detailed Heckler and Weaver to take his Wolf, the mascot, back to Louisville from Philadelphia.

A hotel keeper in Toronto wanted to attach the gate receipts for \$10 that one of the players owed for board last winter. The management of the club the player belonged to, however, settled the difficulty in very short order.

A certain American Association organ never loses an opportunity to show that the Association is in every respect the equal of the National League. Still, the same sporting paper publishes the following paragraph: "Buffalo is by long odds the best city in the International Association, and good enough for the American Association." Buffalo was in the League at one time, and proved a dead failure, still it is good enough for an Association city. This looks like an acknowledgment of the superiority of the League.

Comiskey is one of the kind who will never say die. He still thinks that the St. Louis club will win the championship of the American Association. He is like a drowning man grasping at a straw, and as plucky as Baron Ruder in defying death.

The Boston people thought that O'Day was played out and was of no further use, so, instead of buying him from Washington, they would not even have taken him as a gift. As soon as New York got him, however, and he began pitching great ball, they commenced groaning and moaning because they hadn't taken him when they had a chance to get him.

Joe Hornung has proven himself far from being a play-out League player, and the Baltimoreans are now stuck on him in the worst way.

It is too bad that Manager Hart should be so indignant over the fact of the League taking a mail vote over the protested game between the Philadelphia and Boston clubs, but as President Day's vote, of the New York club, decided the game in favor of Boston, it is hardly likely that he will be so loud in his demands in the future to have the matter decided openly.

The Norristown club management thought they were going to make a barrel of money this season out of baseball.

It did not pan out as expected, however, and they got it in the neck very hard. To even things up a little they roared their players to the extent of some \$400 before the club "busted up." Now the players are beefing around the town in great shape and threatening to bring suit for back pay.

Denny Lyons once in a while gets on a pleasant little jag, and when he does he generally suspends business and makes the fur fly.

The fact of being a Congressman's son seems to cover a multitude of sins. Congressman Dorgan's son went at Umpire Marshall with a baseball bat at Wadsworth, N. C., and because he did not kill him, there is a chance of his recovery. Dorgan's friends are becoming jubilant.

Old Anson has gotten his second wind, and is smashing the ball on the nose for all it is worth.

Dorrie, of the Hamilton club, of the International Association,

has met with such great success this year that he has retired for the season, and will devote the rest of his time to nursing a split hand.

It is hard to tell what will satisfy the Washington people. They had no real hard fault to find with the team as a whole, but thought they might strengthen up considerably in the box. Where they expect to get the material to strengthen them with is what puzzles us, as they have three of the finest young pitchers in the country in Keele, Person and Haldock, any of whom they can sell to any Leaguer club in the country if they desire to part with them. Possibly they would prefer having Tim Keele, John Clarkson and Mickey Welch.

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NEWS FROM ALL OVER.

"Referee's" Resume of the Week's Sporting Doings 'Round the World.

EVERYTHING THAT'S INTERESTING.

I see Dick Howell has again been doing wonders on the wheel.

Recently, in England, he rode one mile on a bicycle in 2 minutes 31.5 seconds. Howell's time is three-fifths of a second in advance of the previous record.

I wonder what St. Paul, Minn., sporting men think of their "Slasher" now. About a year ago they were eager to match Killen to meet Jake Kilrain for \$2,500 a side. It would have been a picnic for the Baltimore pugilists.

Many who lost money on Wm. O'Connor's defeat by Henry Ernest Searle, now claim that there was a screw loose in O'Connor's shell—or somewhere else.

They insinuate that O'Connor did not row as well while he was measuring blades with the Australian as he did when he rowed that trial or relay race with Wallace Ross and George W. Lee a few days before the race with Searle.

Others intimate that it was not on the programme for O'Connor to win, but that Searle and O'Connor are to row two or three races, and that Messrs. Thompson, Carmichael, Allen, Rogers and Mossop are to manipulate the races, or, in other words, pull the wires.

The best judges of rowing in England, who witnessed the Searle and O'Connor race, are unanimous in their opinion that O'Connor is not in the same class with Searle, and, in condition or not, he could not defeat the Australian, even if he received ten seconds start.

Under these circumstances, always providing that they are true, the public will look with distrust upon any new match that Searle and O'Connor should arrange, and should they agree to row for an alleged large stake those who lost thousands on O'Connor's defeat will smell big mice, for no sane sporting man would dream of matching O'Connor to row Searle again after the crushing defeat the Australian gave the American champion on the Thames on Sept. 9, 1889.

In my opinion, there was something wrong about the race, as far as O'Connor's rowing was concerned. I am positive he cannot outrow Searle the Thames championship course distance, and I prophesied that in these columns months ago,

O'Connor can, however, row a faster three miles than he did on the Thames on Sept. 9 while racing with the aquatic locomotive of New South Wales, but why he did not do so only himself can explain.

Perhaps he was overtrained, but this is hardly possible. Maybe he lost heart and could not row for such a large stake and a fortune in bets, for I have known champion billiard players, oarsmen and pugilists who could fairly outdo their opponents when contending for no stake, but when the competition was for a big sum and a fortune in bets they lost heart and could not equal their best performances. O'Connor may have suffered from excitement and lost control of himself, or possibly it might not have been on the slate for him to win; time will tell.

I see Duncan C. Ross, John McPherson, who holds the "Police Gazette" champion all-round trophy of Canada, and Charl Currie are wrangling over the all-round athletic championship.

The challenge Duncan C. Ross issued in the "Police Gazette," backed up with \$500 forfeit, to engage in an all-round athletic competition at throwing the light and heavy hammer, the 56-pound weight, tossing the caber, etc., for \$1,000 started the ball rolling.

Ross' challenge has not been accepted, but Currie, the Canadian Giant, has published a windy challenge in the Toronto *Empire*, backed up with no money, but containing many insinuations against the gentleman Ross named for stakeholder; but this is not business.

Ross' money is up, and he is ready to meet the wonderful Currie for money, not with ink and paper or wind, but for one thousand dollars; and the only way Currie, in my opinion, can reply to Ross' challenge in a business way is to cover the all-round champion's money deposited with the POLICE GAZETTE.

Currie is no doubt a wonder at shot putting; so is McPherson, who defeated Currie for the "Police Gazette" champion trophy last October; but Ross is champion, and his previous performances and his record prove it.

I clipped the following from the "Umpire," Toronto, September 13: "A correspondent writes from New York that Professor Mike Donovan told him that there was a distinct understanding between Johnson, Mitchell and Fitzgerald that Kilrain should lose 'the great fight,' and that 'Pony' Moore and Charley Mitchell never bet a dollar on Kilrain."

In regard to Pony Moore betting on the result of the championship battle, if Donovan did state that Pony Moore did not bet any money, and I doubt it, Donovan is wrong. Pony did bet \$100, and Barney Maguire put up \$100 against it, but this was the only bet Pony made.

I learn that at San Francisco recently Sugol, the pride of Palo Alto, got her revenge over Lillian Wilkes, when the pair met for the second time in the San Mateo stake for three-year-olds. The entries were Sugol, driven by Marvin; Lillian Wilkes, driven by John Goldsmith, and Count Valencia's filly Margaret, by Sydney. The race was best three in five heats, and the betting before it \$60 to \$40 on Lillian Wilkes. Sugol won the first heat with a bad break in 2:21, Margaret second. Then the Palo Alto filly was made favorite and won the second heat, with Margaret second, in 2:24. The race was easily won by Sugol. Lillian is said to have had a bad leg and is not likely to trot any more for some time.

The following remarkable scores were made with a revolver at the grounds of the South London Rifle Club, England, at 20 yards, on an 11-inch target that has a 3-inch bull, counting six and a 2-inch bull counting seven. From the 3-inch bull to the outer edge are four rings, counting respectively 5, 4, 3 and 2. Eight targets were used, and 12 shots were fired at each. On the first target 79 was made; on the second, 83; third, 82; fourth, 80; fifth, 82; on the sixth only five shots were fired and 27 was scored; the seventh, 79, and the eighth, 82. Out of 25 shots at 20 yards, with a .44-calibre revolver, at an 8-inch bull, only four shots were outside.

The sprinters, I see, are still running races, and their managers are playing "the sure thing" racket. At Davenport, Iowa, recently, there was a race, and nearly every one in the neighborhood was taken in.

The race was arranged by a sprinter who gave his name as Cunningham, and who claimed to have come from Australia, but who is really thought to have worked in behalf of some gamblers. Large bets were secured, and Cunningham, with the understanding that he would allow himself to be beaten, instead of outran the other man, got hold of the stake money and fled. He and his pals made away with something over \$7,000, and one of the sports of the town, who thought he stood in with Cunningham and backed him to lose, is clean broken.

Ike Weir is a high-priced boxer. On Sept. 16 he wanted \$200 to box a few rounds at Knickerbocker Cottage, Hoboken, but Captain Boyle refused to give up such a large amount.

Gaudaur's backer says: "I do not propose to have anything to do with Teemer in the boat racing line hereafter. The decision of the referee that Gaudaur should row the McKeeps race over again was rather peculiar, but he had to choose between a broken head and such decision, and I can't blame him much. On the night of the race," he continued, "I felt reasonably sure from what he told me that the decision would be given to Gaudaur. I do not charge the referee with being dishonest. He seemed to be a well-meaning fellow, but he failed from the wrong town to decide against Teemer. On the evening of the race Teemer's principal backer acknowledged to me that Gaudaur had won fairly and squarely. Hamm was on the course to keep it clear, and Teemer agreed that he should be permitted to do so."

I supposed the great battle for \$20,000, the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the championship of the world, between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain, would end the budget or important prize ring encounters of 1889, but I see that there is to be another great battle which will create no little interest in all parts of the world among all classes who follow pugilism.

I refer to the great match ratified on Sept. 17 at London, Eng., between Frank B. Slavin, the champion of Australia, and Jim Smith, the English champion.

The match is going to be a pillow-throwing affair, but a battle for wealth, fame andistic glory, and will be fought according to London prize ring rules, the only code whereby the fist premiership can be decided. Articles of agreement have been signed and sealed for stakes of from £200 to £1,000, the fight to take place outside of England within three months. £100 on each side were deposited.

I learn through the "Police Gazette" correspondent of the result of the Amsterdam international chess congress. Amos Burn of Liverpool, England, turned up new champion, and he won first prize. He scored six victories and two draws without the loss of a single game. Herr Lasker, a youth from Berlin, won the second prize with a score of five wins, two draws and one defeat.

James Mason won the third place without the loss of a game—three wins and five draws! Van Vliet, a Dutch player, won the fourth prize, with a score of three wins, four draws and but one defeat. His success was a genuine surprise, as he is comparatively an unknown player. Ex-Champion Gunsberg of London secured the fifth prize, winning two games, drawing four and losing two.

There were but nine competitors in the tournament, but owing to their world-wide reputations and the high character of the play it was an important event, and Amos Burn may well be proud of his achievement.

By the way, Edward J. Carney, the crack single-scueller of the Institute Boat Club of Newark, N. J., has been ordered to appear before the Executive Committee of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen to show cause why he should not be disqualified for participating in the regatta of the New England Association, held at Boston on Labor Day. The cause of the trouble is that J. J. Murphy, who had been disqualified by the association for being a professional, rowed in the race.

Billy Ferguson of Toronto has recently gained quite a reputation for putting men *hors du combat* in rows and squabbles, and it is said he has, within the past two months, put many a man who disputed his veracity to sleep. On Sept. 14, at John F. Scholte's famous athletic club house on Yonge street, Toronto, John Sheppard and Robert Clarke were playing quoits when Ferguson, with a friend, entered the ground that adjoins the saloon and attempted by curious antics andistic demonstrations to stop the game.

Scholes had his measure, and urged him to retire and not to stand upon the orders of going, but go at once! Ferguson refused, and told Scholes he could whip him and his fancy dogs. Scholes chastised the bully and put him out. Later he returned, although his face was bruised and damaged, and stripping dared Scholes to face him, at the same time advancing with vengeance in his eyes.

At the time there was at least a dozen persons present, and Scholes stood the bully's defiant taunts until they were unbearable, and then a sharp tussle followed. Ferguson refused, and told Scholes he could whip him and his fancy dogs. Scholes chastised the bully and put him out. Later he returned, although his face was bruised and damaged, and stripping dared Scholes to face him, at the same time advancing with vengeance in his eyes.

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It is to be regretted that the Governor of Wisconsin did not permit Patsy Cardiff and Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant, to settle their dispute at Hurley. Who knows but that if these gigantic gladiators had been allowed to face each other in the arena, Conley would again been on top of the heap in his class.

The principal change in the Rugby rules adopted by the Yale, Harvard and Princeton teams for this season is that of the penalty for throttling, tripping, etc., from ruling off to a free kick of 25 yards for opponents.

Canadian swell and medium-sized bettors are the gamblers in the world, but there is no man amongst them ready and willing to give a man a second show. In other words, true sportsmanlike spirit is at a vast discount in Canada.

Ned Hanlan is looking for a good, strong young man of twenty or twenty-one, weighing from 150 to 160 pounds, with some heart in him and some knowledge of sculling, and he believes he can make a world-beater out of him.

Searle's victory was a triumph for the bookmakers.

If amateurs want to turn out good professional oarsmen they must learn to row more than a mile and a half. Hanlan won his spurs at five miles.

Until the last decade no one ever dreamed Australia would turn out such a galaxy of oarsmen, all capable of rowing in the championship class. Now, while Searle is a phenomenon, what will Stanbury and McLean turn out to be?

Searle proposes to go back to Australia via America, if it is made worth his while.

There's a great chance for some enterprising people to offer big money and get up a race in America in which Searle will compete.

The people of Toronto should tender O'Connor such a reception as was never given to any sportsman for the straightforward and sportsmanlike manner in which he has conducted himself while in England; not only while there, but through his whole career. If Searle could be induced to come here to row O'Connor I am sure the Australians could find dollar for dollar all they could bring.

Now Friday, "Champions of the English Prize Ring from the time of Fizg to the Present Day," also "Life of Tom Sayers," Price, 25 cents each. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

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T. J. Boston.—No.

P. S. Scranton, N. Y.—A wins.

Matty, Brooklyn, N. Y.—A wins. 2. Sixes are high.

A. S. Boston.—The referee's decision was final.

S. W., Holyoke, Mass.—Sixes are high at poker dice.

G. Philadelphia.—We will answer your query next week.

H. P. H., Forest Grove, Oregon.—There is no official record.

C. H. D., Jacksonville, Fla.—He claims he was born in Jamaica.

N. R., Baldwin, Col.—Cards show for themselves in all games.

W. C., Hufnagel, ——Sullivan weighed 217 pounds, Kilrain 178 pounds.

A. H. L., Orlando, Fla.—1. Nine and four-fifths seconds. 2. 30 seconds.

S. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Daniel O'Leary defeated A. P. Weston three times.

C. H. H., Altoona, Pa.—We never heard of a diamond costing that amount.

A. B. C., Boston, Mass.—John L. Sullivan stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height.

J. F. M., Hoboken, N. J.—We have no record of the Oats and Farrell prior fight.

M. J. B., Albany, N. Y.—Tony Pastor was born at Greenwich, N. Y., in May, 1825.

Y., Harlem, N. Y.—A letter will reach Patsy Cardiff addressed to Minneapolis, Minn.

M. S., Clean, N. Y.—1. A wins. 2. Fish Smart skated one mile in 5 minutes, Jan. 30, 1881.

W. H. C., Glenbrook, Conn.—John L. Sullivan and Jim Smith never fought or boxed together.

H. W. C., New Lisbon, O.—Send 20 cents and we will mail you a book with the records you want.

W. W., Streator, Ill.—1. Address a letter to F. T. Barnum, Bridgeport, Conn. 2. We do not know.

R. S. W., Harrisburg, N. Y.—We have no proof that the party you name lifted a 316-pound dumbbell.

S. M., Augusta, Me.—A wins third prize. B and D are entitled to first and second if they agree to divide.

J. C. M., Altoona, N. Y.—Address Harry Jennings, corner of Broome and Centre streets, New York city.

M. W. J., Paterson, N. J.—Billy Edwards and Tim Collins only fought once, and the battle ended in a draw.

T. W. H., Troy, N. Y.—Jerry Donovan, the pugilist, did second Jem Mac when the latter fought Tom Allen.

J. H., Jr., Chicago.—1. Duncan C. Ross is the champion. 2. No. 3. Send 25 cents for "The American Athlete."

No. 4. Send 25 cents for "The American Athlete."

Scipio, New Britain, Conn.—American Girl, the trotter, fell dead while trotting at Elmira, N. Y., on Oct. 2, 1875.

B. MCC., Butte, Mont.—Your dumbbell feats must be authenticated before we accept them as official records.

C. K., Hudson, N. Y.—1. We do not believe in such freaks. 2. The party you refer to must have been a good guesser.

F. G. P., San Diego.—1. Your score is the best. 2. There is no authentic record of shooting with the rifle you mention.

J. J., Buffalo, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan weighed 217 pounds, Kilrain 178 pounds when they fought at Richburg, Miss.

F. K. D., Duray, Pa.—Littlewood, bear Albert's record by 2 miles & 6 laps. Albert, 61 miles; Littlewood, 62 miles 6 laps.

T. J. S., Pottsville, Pa.—Jack Randall, the pugilist, was born on Nov. 25, 1874. He fought fifteen battles and was never beaten.

J. W., Morristown, N. J.—Robert F. Odium, lost his life by jumping from the Brooklyn Bridge, New York city, on May 28, 1888.

Mrs. M. T., Washington, D. C.—Mervine Thompson is traveling with a circus. A letter addressed to this office may reach him.

T. J., Pittsburgh, Pa.—The referee should have decided the race to be rowed over, for Teemer was evidently fouled purposely.

F. C., Brookside, Ala.—Heenan weighed 185 pounds, Sayers 152 pounds, when they fought April 17, 1880, at Farmborough, England.

T. S., New Orleans, La.—The largest amount of money paid to a jockey is \$12,000. This August Belmont pays to E. H. Garrison.

T. S



SHOT HIS NEIGHBOR'S BOY.

JAMES H. MOWRER, A CITIZEN OF HUGHESVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, ACCIDENTALLY KILLS LITTLE HARRY KING.



PLACED A TIE ON THE TRACK.

SOME FIENDS PLACE A CROSS-TIE ON THE TRACKS OF THE CENTRAL RAILROAD NEAR ATLANTA, GA., CAUSING A WRECK.



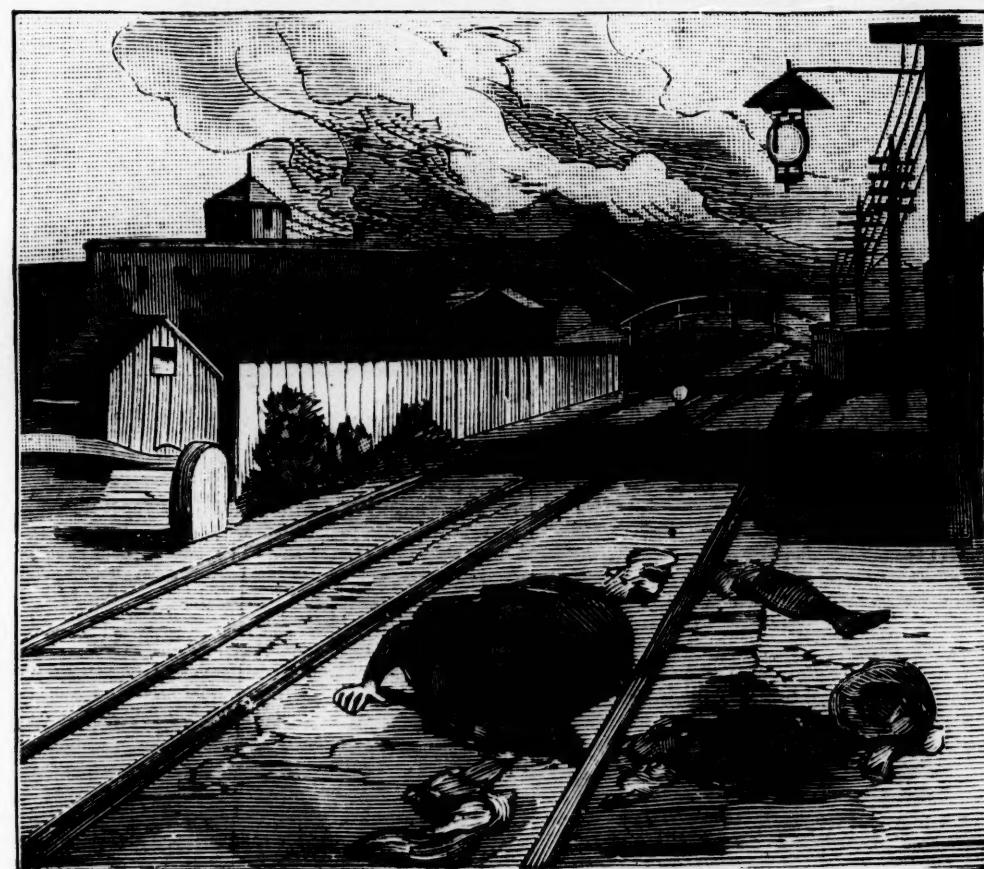
DELLA WALKER'S SUICIDE.

THE UNTIMELY END OF A BEAUTIFUL AND ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LANGDON, N. H., GIRL WHO ATTENDED THE BOSTON ART MUSEUM.



UNLUCKY FOOTPADS.

THEY HOLD UP "OLD HU CH" OF CHICAGO, AND THE OLD MAN IS GOT THE BEST OF FOR ONCE IN HIS LIFE.



CUT TO PIECES ON THE RAIL.

THE SAD FATE OF PRETTY MARY HARRISON, OF FALL RIVER, CONNECTICUT, WHILE VISITING IN PROVIDENCE.



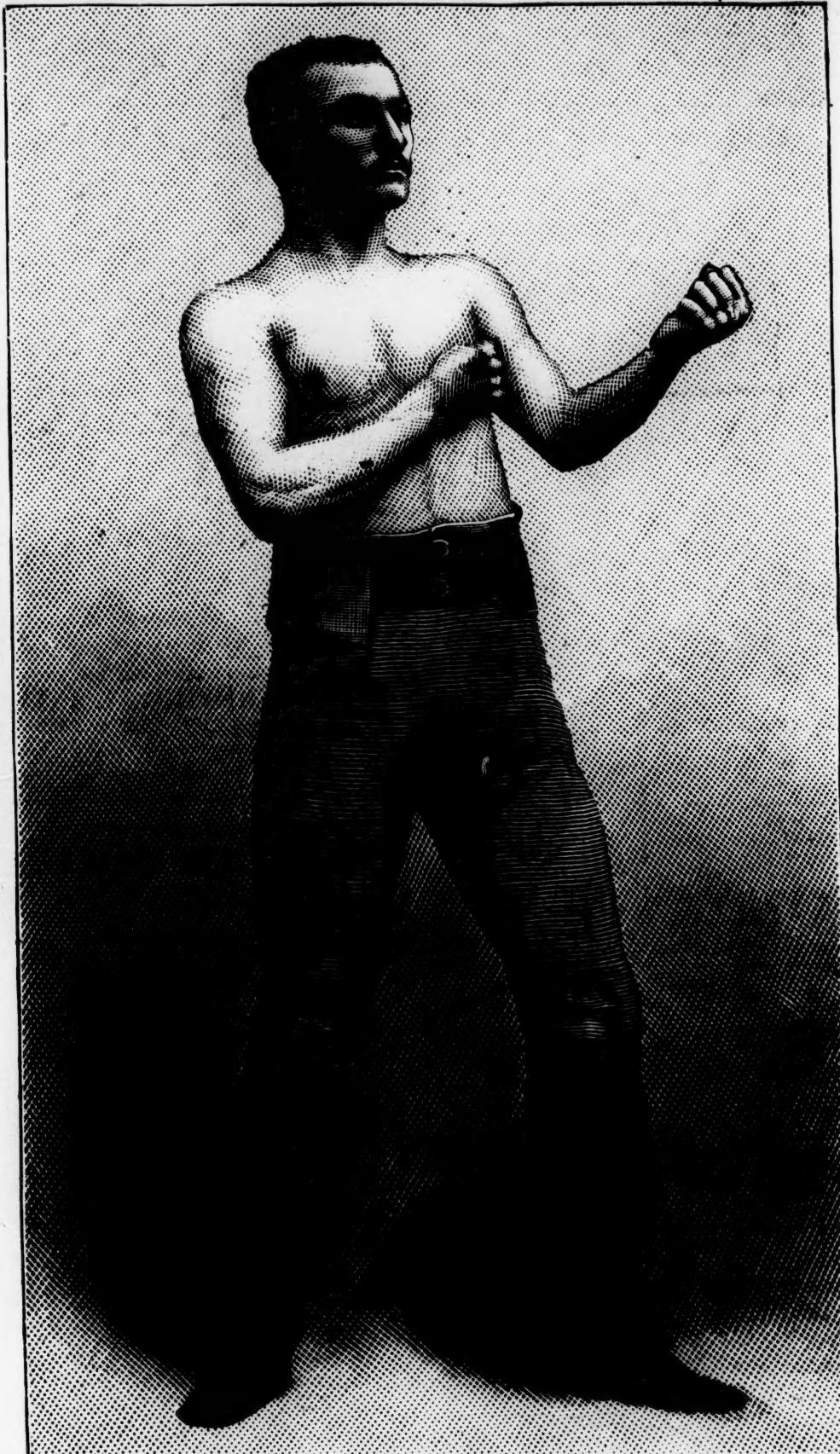
HE OUGHT TO HAVE A WHOLE PIE.

A TRAMP FINDS A BROKEN RAIL ON THE CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD, AND NOTIFIES THE SECTION HANDS.

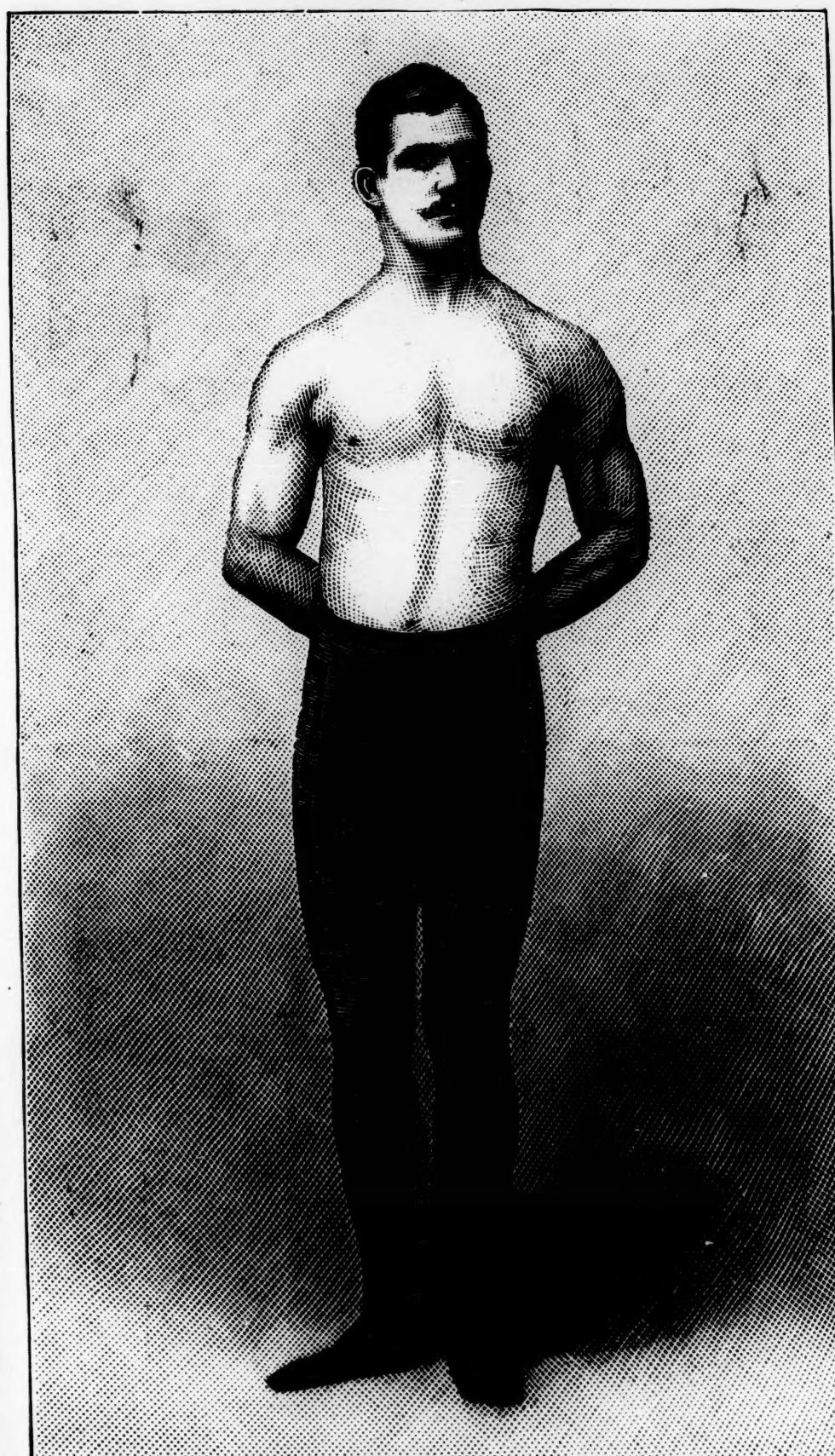


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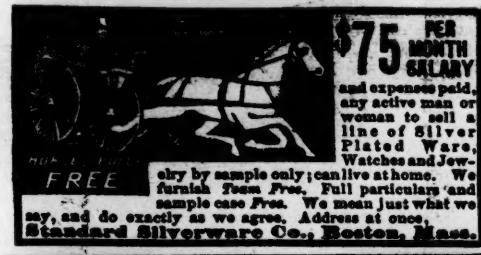
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MEDICAL.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

Sufferers from Nervous Debility, Youthful Indiscre-
tions, Lost Manhood.

BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN !

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence,

have brought about a state of weakness that has re-

duced the general system so much as to induce almost

every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble

scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctorred for

everything but the right one. Notwithstanding the

many valuable remedies that medical science has pro-

duced for the relief of this class of patients, none of

the ordinary modes of treatment effectually remove

the evil. We have experimented with and discovered new and con-

centrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is

offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of

cases in our practice have been restored to perfect

health by its use after all other remedies failed. Per-

haps no single ingredient must be used in the preparation

of this prescription.

R.—Cocaine coca, 4 drachm.

Jervine



"HOLD UP YOUR HANDS!"

A CALIFORNIA HIGHWAYMAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING HIS OWN WAY ON THE AUBURN HILL ROUTE AND WHO DEFIES THE AUTHORITIES.